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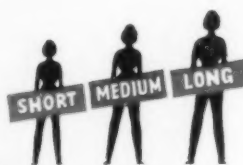


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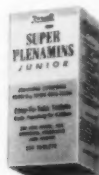
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EDITORIAL

Let's stop shaping our China policy to suit the U.S. voter

FOR THREE years, ever since the Korean War ended in 1953, an important part of Canadian foreign policy has been distorted by the calculations and timidities of politics—slightly by our own domestic politics, which is bad, but chiefly by the politics of another country, which is far worse. It's time Canada got out of this false and humiliating position by recognizing the government of China.

Here as in Britain recognition does not mean approval. Most Canadians regard the Communist dictatorship in China with even more distaste than they do the Fascist dictatorship in Spain. Both came to power by force of arms, successful rebels against a legitimate government. Both ignore human rights and liberties. Neither enjoys nor deserves the respect, let alone the friendship, of free countries.

In recognizing the Franco tyranny as the effective government of Spain Canada merely accepts a regrettable but irremediable fact. Nobody argues any longer that Canada should not do this, yet there is less reason to recognize Spain than there is to recognize China. Spain after all is a poor, exhausted, impotent country with which Canada has almost no common interest. There if anywhere, surely, we could afford the luxury of treating international affairs as if they were social affairs, and refusing to speak to anyone we don't like.

China is different. China is the greatest power in Asia, military and industrial, and one of the nations capable of decisive action for war or peace. It's not merely preposterous, it is dangerous that the accepted spokesman of her six to eight hundred million people should be an *émigré* regime on an off-shore island, wholly dependent on American money for its livelihood.

The Canadian government accepted these arguments six years ago, when the Communist conquest of China was only half a year old. The decision was taken to withdraw recognition from Chiang Kai-shek's so-called Nationalists and transfer it to the newly triumphant Communists. Had the Korean War broken out a few months, perhaps

even a few weeks later, the change would have been an accomplished fact.

Since then Canada has kept China in a diplomatic deep freeze. Chiang Kai-shek's ambassador in Ottawa, the able and amiable Dr. Liu Chieh, gets the barest minimum of official courtesy and leads a lonely life. Canada has no representative in Taipei, Formosa's capital. Canadian ministers traveling in the Far East take good care never to visit Formosa, though one has visited Red China.

Having thus made her real inclinations clear to all, Canada has invited the question, "Why don't you do formally what you obviously do in fact, and recognize the change of government in China?" The only answer Canada has to this fair question is hardly an answer to be proud of: "Too many voters wouldn't like it."

Some of the voters are probably Canadian voters, and they deserve more candor on this issue than they're getting. But the real inhibition is not the Canadian but the American voter. Canada is not speaking her mind for fear of embarrassing the United States government in a presidential election year—or, last year, in a pre-election year, and the year before that in a congressional year, and so on forever in both directions.

Of course, the internal politics of friendly countries are a factor to be weighed in foreign policy, but in this case the argument cuts both ways. Other countries, some of them less reliably friendly either to Canada or to the Western world, are even more gravely concerned with the fact that we don't recognize the greatest power in Asia. To some of them, it seems proof positive that the countries that support the United States in other matters are not free friends but satellites, or sycophants, or both—and the best nations of Asia wish to be neither.

L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, wrote an article for a U. S. magazine not long ago urging another look at Far Eastern policy, and acceptance of the facts of life in that hemisphere. We think he was right. What's holding him back?

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Editorial, Circulation & Advertising Offices:
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

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Your teeth deserve good care for many reasons. They aid in maintaining general health, for unless food is chewed properly, it cannot be easily digested for the body's nourishment. Healthy teeth also make us look more attractive; help us speak clearly and distinctly.

Yet, almost none of us escape dental troubles. The magnitude of this problem is shown by these findings from the Canadian Dental Association:

1. Too many Canadians have lost half of their natural teeth by age 40.
2. The number of cavities occurring in the teeth of children between 6 and 18 years old runs into the hundreds of thousands — all of which should be treated.

Fortunately, dental discoveries of great value to children have been made in recent years. Because early dental care is so important, visits to the dentist should start around age three. While little or no treatment may be needed at this age, it is a good idea simply to let the child become acquainted with the dentist. The first visit, if made pleasant and interesting, can give the child a favorable attitude toward dental care that may last for the rest of his life.

Adults should also see the dentist regularly . . . at least twice a year. His examination, including X-ray studies when necessary, can reveal hidden trouble such as an abscess at the roots of an apparently healthy tooth . . . or a small break, no larger than a pinprick, which can be the start of decay. If these and other unhealthy conditions of the teeth and gums are not treated early, they may lead to premature loss of teeth . . . to say nothing of costly and extensive care.

Today, many dental procedures have been vastly improved. New anesthetics, for instance, are now used to deaden pain and they seldom cause unpleasant after-effects. Even the dental drill has been modernized. The techniques of making and fitting bridges and dentures has also become such a fine art that wearers soon cease to be conscious of them.

Preserving the teeth and gums also depends largely on good daily care, including regular brushing and proper diet. In fact, good daily care, coupled with regular dental check-ups, can greatly increase the chances of keeping most of one's teeth throughout life.

Metropolitan's booklet, *For Good Teeth*, gives many more facts about dental health for both young and old. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Canada showed the Old Vic how

LET US be frank: we were a pretty small audience at the New York Winter Garden theatre on the night of last January 18. My own party consisted of two men and two women. Then there was a wistful solitary young man a few rows away whose features rang a vague bell in my memory. Scattered over the vast acreage of empty seats there were two or three couples or trebles, but not more.

In the orchestra pit six brass players under a vehement conductor kept playing discords. When the discords failed to reach the degree of violence essential to the drama on the stage, the conductor made them do it over again.

As if this were not enough to detract our attention from the story being enacted before our eyes, a tall imposing fellow kept walking about in the body of the theatre and even peremptorily stopping the play with such comments as: "Charlie, don't walk up those steps. Leap on them. That's right. Carry on!"

In short it was the dress rehearsal of the Canadian Stratford players for their limited Broadway run of Christopher Marlowe's horrific play, *Tamburlaine the Great*. The tall man giving orders was Tyrone Guthrie, and the wistful young man with the pleading eyes was Tom Patterson, the well-known peddler of dreams.

Toronto had already seen the production and had welcomed it with gusto. But now as Generalissimo Guthrie dismissed his troops so that they could be ready for the battle of the opening on the following night, I asked Patterson to join our party for supper at the Stork Club.

In that salubrious setting he had the qualified pleasure of seeing grandma Marlene Dietrich looking very smart as she ate just like any other human being. He could also see Noel Coward quipping in all directions and, if necessary, Patterson could look on movie director Hitchcock smoldering like Vesuvius on an off night.

If I had possessed the necessary courage I would have stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you had better look at this young man from Canada. He has vision that can penetrate a brick wall. In addition he has the tenacity of a Massey-Harris harvester." Instead of which I asked Patterson if he would have another chocolate ice cream.

If you will forgive the personal allusion, I was a dramatic critic in London for many years and, having seen the dress rehearsal of *Tamburlaine the Great*, it was natural to wonder what I would have written if the dress rehearsal had been an actual first night.

Undoubtedly we were confronted in this production by a drama within a drama. On the stage was the strange genius of Christopher Marlowe, the sixteenth-century dramatist and poet who, at an early age, was stabbed to death in a tavern brawl. The fact that the grave of Marlowe's patron, Sir Francis Walsingham,

Continued on page 66



Cast as *Tamburlaine's* captives, these beauties formed part of the Stratford company that outshone the Old Vic, says Baxter. He suggests a European tour.

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



Only two provinces are in, but Ottawa's betting on a full pool.

A national health plan next year?

EVEN optimists about national health insurance don't expect to have it in operation before the second half of next year. But with that delay they think health insurance is almost a foregone conclusion, and they're quite hopeful that it will soon include all ten provinces.

Delay is inevitable because six provinces must set up health insurance schemes before Ottawa will begin to share the costs. So far only two, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, have done so. Alberta has a system that gives partial coverage but will have to be expanded considerably. The same is true of Newfoundland's "cottage hospital" plan in the outports. Two other provinces, one of them Ontario, will have to start from scratch.

Up to now the necessary six haven't even taken the formal first step of signifying their intention to accept the federal offer. British Columbia and Saskatchewan are in, of course, because Ottawa is undertaking to share an expense that these two already incur. Newfoundland is spending more money on its hospital services now than Newfoundland's share of the national plan will cost. Alberta won't actually save money but will be able to expand the present system into universal coverage for little or no extra cash of her own. That makes four provinces out of the six that need not hesitate.

For the next two it's not so simple.

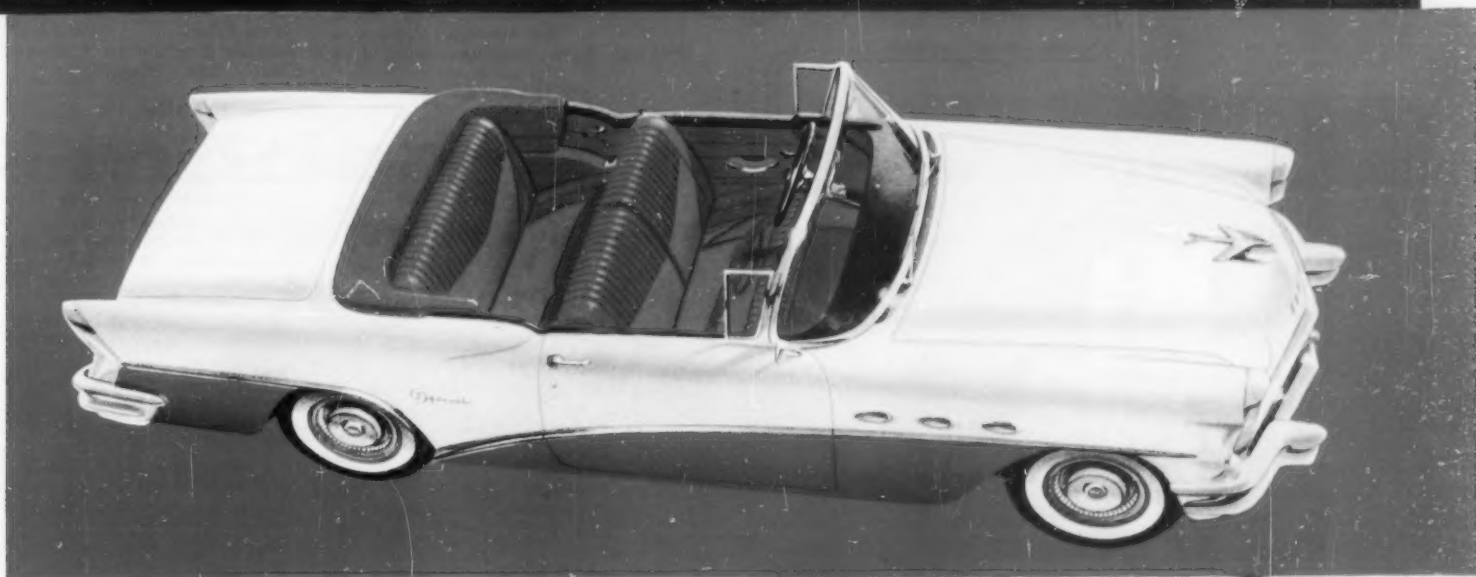
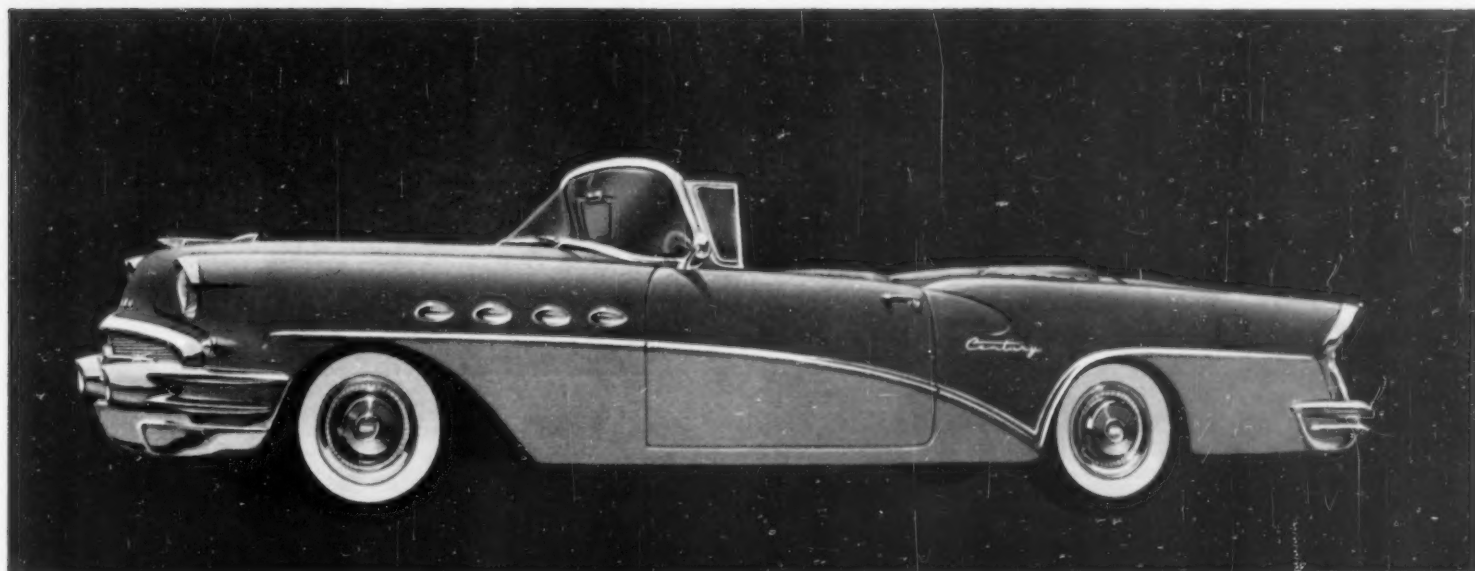
Big rich Ontario is committed to health insurance in principle but not to any scheme in particular. Premier Leslie Frost has turned over Ottawa's proposal to a legislature committee

for study, so presumably Ontario's decision will not be announced until that committee has reported. It's unlikely, therefore, that an acceptance from Ontario will come early in the present session of parliament.

Manitoba's reaction was made known unofficially from the very outset: "We don't like it much, but we'll do it." Liberal-Progressive Premier Douglas Campbell is fond of saying facetiously that "there are only three real Tories left alive, and I'm one of 'em"; he dislikes the whole idea of health insurance and the welfare state. His colleagues think gloomily of the sales tax that will be needed to pay Manitoba's share. But Saskatchewan, right next door and no richer than Manitoba, has been paying for hospital insurance unaided for nearly twelve years. Manitoba simply cannot turn down a plan for which Ottawa will pay fifty-one percent. On the other hand, Manitoba is unlikely to knock anybody down in a mad rush to be first in line.

Nevertheless, Manitoba is likely to be number six, if not number five, among accepting provinces, because the Maritimes are even more hesitant. They will all get more than half the cost from Ottawa—Nova Scotia fifty-seven percent, New Brunswick fifty-nine, P. E. I. sixty-five—but one Maritime provincial treasurer remarked, "It's like being offered a Rolls-Royce at half price. It's a real bargain, but we can't afford a Rolls-Royce at all."

Ottawa thinks this an ill-considered attitude. Maritimers are going to hospital
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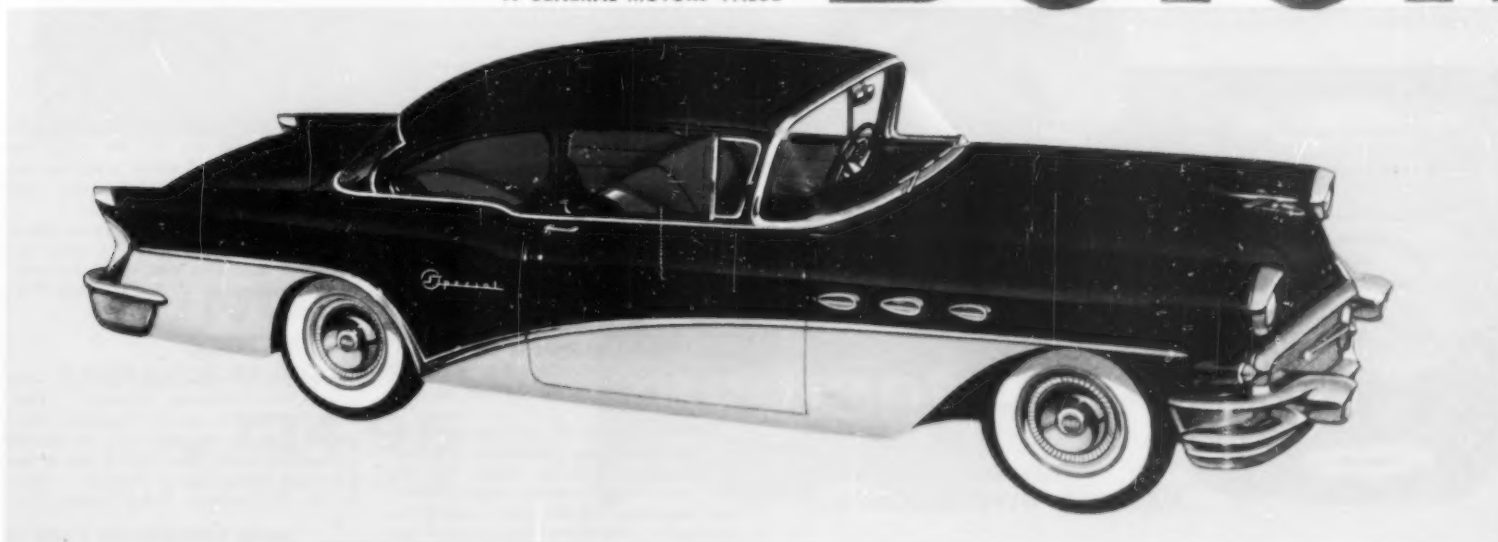


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Mailbag

Forecast: nearly all wet

I read with interest the article (They're Selling Packaged Weather, Jan. 7) on the Montreal scientists who predict weather three months in advance. After following their predictions for January, I'd suggest that if you publish another of their forecasts you place it in the fiction section. —N. A. Boyer, Winnipeg.

• How wrong can Maclean's and packaged-weather experts Denison and Power be? On this day (Jan. 10) of forecast heaviest snowfall Victoria is basking under cloudless skies in a

prairies did experience a cold month and values in the ten-to-forty-below range were recorded on at least two occasions. Only one cold snap hit British Columbia.

One of the snowstorms which hit the Maritimes and western Ontario was right on schedule; otherwise a lag of several days to over a week was apparent in our estimated dates, a result which was not to us too surprising in view of the extended range of the forecast. We hope your readers will give us "A for Effort" . . . —Paul J. Denison, Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada Ltd., Montreal.

I remember Alfie

I especially enjoyed reading The Rise and Fall of Tom Longboat (Feb. 4) which mentioned the contests between Longboat and Alfie Shrub. I came from the same place in England as Shrub and, as a boy there, Shrub was our hero. If we did any running we always called ourselves "Shrubby the runner."

I often wonder if he is still alive? —George Butler, Vancouver.

Alfie, now seventy-nine, lives in Bowmanville, Ont.

Bloor's "good old days"

I was most interested in David MacDonald's article, The Remarkable Flowering of Joe Bloor's Bog (Dec. 10).

Some forty years ago, soon after arriving in Canada from England, I was employed by Pat Maher's livery, then on Bloor just east of Yonge—now, alas, I suppose swept away with these improvements.

In those days, Pat's was the leading livery in Toronto and did a very large carriage business with the "quality" from Rosedale and Avenue Road for



carriages for shopping, theatres and weddings. All the drivers wore top hats, top boots and white breeches and all the horses and vehicles were first class.

Almost opposite the livery on Bloor was an automobile dealer, I think for Packard, who also was agent for electric broughams. —T. A. Simmons, Victoria.

Real, for a change

I wish to congratulate you on your article on Cornelius Krieghoff (Dec. 24). One sees so much Canadian "art" which is either a nightmare or merely competent work, that it is a joy to see the real thing for a change. —Mrs. K. M. Widdowson, Read Island, B.C.

MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 82



seasonal 47 degrees. Still waiting for precipitation in any form. —J. Fitzpatrick, president, Chamber of Commerce, Victoria.

• Date on calendar: Jan. 12. Present temperature: 34 degrees. Maclean's prediction: Ottawa -19; Toronto -5.

Number of people standing by to flood the hockey rink: 32.

Personal opinion of Peter Newman's article: ??? —Earl R. Everson, Glen Miller, Ont.

• The forecasters... certainly met with hard luck here as we have had the freakiest kind of weather here since early Jan. First a thaw which carried off all December snows; temperatures in the forties. The 19th and 20th were just like spring days . . . —Anthony Traboulee, Glace Bay, N.S.

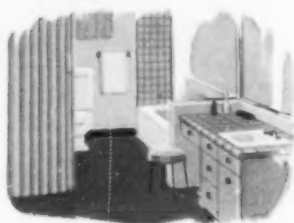
• We realize that many will brand us completely right or wrong depending entirely on what happened in their own particular area on the dates specified in our long-range forecast. However, it must be remembered that the nature of long-range forecasting methods will not permit day-by-day forecasts in the same sense as shorter-range forecasts . . . Let's see how we did . . .

Two relatively heavy snowstorms were forecast for all of eastern Canada. The Maritime provinces experienced two such storms with amounts ranging from several inches to over a foot. Quebec and most of Ontario were hit by only one good snowstorm, although parts of southwestern and northern Ontario had two. Similarly only one good snowfall occurred in the prairies. About three inches of snow were reported on Vancouver Island on one occasion.

From southern Ontario eastward to the Maritimes our prediction of a cold snap was completely upset by the development of the most unusual storm that stagnated off the east coast of the continent. Northern Ontario and the

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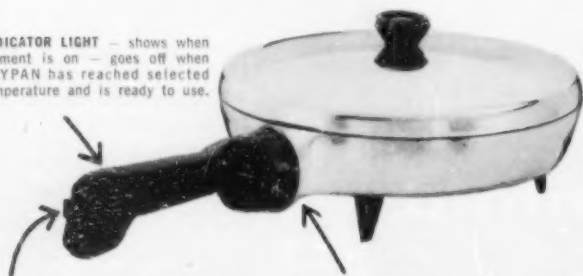
LOCAL MODERNFOLD DEALER

You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages under "Doors, Folding" or, if you prefer, write to New Castle Products (Canada) Ltd., 199 Upper Edison Road, Montreal 23.



Everybody is a good cook with the **new**
G-E AUTOMATIC FRYPAN...
it braises, bakes, fries, stews and grills!

INDICATOR LIGHT — shows when element is on — goes off when FRYPAN has reached selected temperature and is ready to use.



ACCURATE TEMPERATURE SELECTOR — lets you dial correct temperature for cooking all foods. Special setting for keeping foods warm — easy to read.

COMPLETE COOKING GUIDE — Temperature Chart on handle lists cooking temperatures most frequently used. Comprehensive recipe book supplied.

Everybody can cook the most taste-tempting dishes with the new General Electric Automatic Frypan. It's the handiest appliance to have in the house — and the easiest to use. With the famous G-E Calrod Element, the FRYPAN heats in seconds. Selected temperature remains steady and even over the entire cooking surface. Problem of over or under cooking is eliminated and food sticking is reduced to a minimum — can be immersed in water up to indicator light for easy cleaning. Cover is included at this low, low price. **\$19⁹⁵**



**GENERAL ELECTRIC
 AUTOMATIC
 FRYPAN**

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED



LIONEL SHAPIRO ASKS

Is the western alliance breaking up?

After a searching look at the front lines of NATO,

Maclean's European correspondent warns that petty hatreds and suspicions are
wrecking the unity of the anti-communist world

LONDON

ON APRIL 4, 1949, the North Atlantic Treaty was signed in Washington by twelve Atlantic and Mediterranean powers, and a new dream of Western security was born.

Today, seven years later, the beribboned parchment has sprouted armor. There are dazzling fleets and air divisions poised from Norway all the way around the belly of Europe to Turkey, armies standing athwart the approaches to the heartlands of European civilization, and radar and wireless networks, atomic missiles, a unified naval command in Norfolk, Virginia, and a unified military command in Paris. It's all there to be seen and savored. It all looks splendid to the naked eye and impregnable on paper.

But the dream—the dream of Western security—has it come true?

The answer must be: no, it has not come true. It is not in process of coming true. And given a few more years of the current aimlessness of Western policy, the dream may well become a nightmare.

This reporter has just completed a winter's journey across the lands that form the front line of NATO's defense against Soviet encroachment. It has been a

doleful journey—a journey from disillusionment to disunity, from doubt to suspicion to mistrust to open enmity. And the great force we have gathered up must inevitably wither in spirit, for no force can maintain its efficiency except under one of these two conditions: a unifying influence from within or the prospect of a challenge from without.

The Soviets are manifestly not offering for our benefit the prospect of a challenge from outside. The frontier incidents so common three years ago have ceased entirely. Along the line of the Iron Curtain, the Soviet guards are lambs and the Soviet pilots virtually doves. Indeed, wielding a flexible policy with the certainty of genius, the Soviet leaders have resolutely turned away from the areas of our military containment and are pouring through the gaping holes in our political armor. They have succeeded triumphantly in making the Orient a self-respecting entity firmly allied to them. They have secured the neutrality of India beyond any prospect of alteration. They have opened a channel of influence in the Middle East, and through this channel they have reached out into North Africa and are by way of

Continued on page 77

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



THE CITY CLIMBS SKYWARD: Towering apartment blocks, seen from the girders of the giant new Imperial Oil building, are changing Toronto's vast northern skyline.

The fastest-growing city in

It's mushrooming faster than Los Angeles.

It's making new millionaires every week.

It costs more to run than all B.C.

Here are the facts of the Toronto boom

BY HERBERT MANNING

BACK IN 1954, in the middle of Toronto's building, industrial and real-estate boom, an elderly widow named Sarah Palk gave up her small dairy farm on the city's eastern outskirts and retired with one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars to live the life of ease she had earned by raising a family and working the land for almost seventy years. The money was the selling price of her sixty-five-acre farm. Only half a dozen years before it had been far out in the rolling countryside. Now it was caught up in a flood of home building and land development whirling out from the city.

Sarah Palk counted herself lucky. Her husband's people three generations back had bought the farm for a few cents an acre. In something like eighty years it had increased thousands of times in value—a bonanza she had never dared to hope for. But if the widow Palk could have guessed what was still in store for her hard-worked acres she might have been even more surprised.

She sold her farm to Kirk Park Development Co. through a Toronto firm, A. W. Farlinger Real Estate Ltd. The agent acting for Farlinger, an aggressive and astute young ex-British

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Army major named Peter Langer, decided that the land might be worth more—much more—than the Kirk Park people paid for it. He advised his boss, Alex Farlinger, to buy it for a housing subdivision. Farlinger did—for one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, fifty thousand more than Sarah Palk had received.

Farlinger hired engineers and architects to prepare blueprints for his subdivision. Then, after talking with a building contractor named Michele Martino, he told them to stop. Martino's firm, the A & M Realty, was also looking for land to build on. Three months after he bought the farm Farlinger sold it to Martino for three hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, two and a half times what Sarah Palk got for it.

You can probably guess what happened next. If you can't—well, Martino's firm sold the land again last fall for three hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. Another group of engineers and architects is now plotting another subdivision, and Sarah Palk's farm is worth at least three times what she sold it for only eighteen months ago.

The unusual thing about this story is not that Sarah Palk

LEGEND

EXTENT OF METRO 1950-1953 1914-1939 1885-1914 UP TO 1885 AT 1834 ORIGINAL TOWNSITE



THE CITY SPRAWLS OUTWARD

In 1834 Toronto had nine thousand people. Today it has more than a million and a quarter. The metropolitan area now sprawls over 240 square miles.



THE CITY SPAWNS NEW CITIES

Thorncliffe racetrack (left), once in the suburbs, is now being turned into a \$100-million city of fifteen thousand people (artist's conception, right).



THE CITY CREATES FORTUNES

Construction men have grown rich on Toronto's boom. Builder Rex Heslop, an ex-cabbie, has a luxurious Georgetown, Ont., home that boasts an indoor pool.

CONTINUED ON NEXT TWO PAGES.....



THEN: In 1919 the waters of Toronto Bay lapped at office buildings clustered at the foot of Yonge Street in the heart of the city's downtown business area.



NOW: Long since reclaimed, the same street is now crossed by rail lines, and stretches far below the old docks. More than 1,200 acres were added to city.

COMPARE THESE PICTURES TO SEE HOW TORONTO HAS BURST AT THE SEAMS



THEN: In 1907 St. Clair Ave. was a muddy path on Toronto's northern outskirts.



NOW: The same street today is a four-lane main artery engulfed by the city.



THEN: Bloor Street in western Toronto was a forest-lined country road in 1910.



NOW: Same street today is proposed route of Toronto's first east-west subway.

THE FASTEST-GROWING CITY IN THE WORLD *continued*

waited so long to sell her farm and then sold it too soon, nor that several other people got rich by picking the right time to buy it and sell it, but that in Toronto—bursting at the seams with people, housing, industry, commerce, energy, hope and ambition—such transactions are not unusual at all. Such are the magic and dimensions of the boom that you don't even have to be a sharp businessman to cash in on it. You can get rich wholly by accident.

Three years ago, for example, Col. Goodwin Gibson, a veteran real-estate broker who owned a large brick-and-stone mansion on Avenue Road in north Toronto, became ill and decided to sell the place rather than tax his strength looking after it. He advertised it for seventy thousand dollars. There were no takers and, as the months rolled by, Gibson scaled down the price until it was forty thousand. Then, in disgust, he took it off the market.

Two years ago Gibson died. A few months later, with the city's building boom gathering momentum, the neighborhood of his old mansion was re-zoned to permit apartment building, and the roof blew right off land prices in the district. They soared from a hundred dollars to twelve hundred dollars a front foot. Gibson's widow sold her home for almost a quarter of a million dollars—three times what her husband, an astute real-estate man, had considered the top price for it. Other mansions in the area were sold too, and torn down. A street of skyscraper apartments quickly raised bright steel, stone and glass towers, and their owners offered luxury suites for sale at prices up to forty thousand dollars each. They also charge three hundred dollars a month to keep the suites warm and clean.

In scores of areas such as Avenue Road, Toronto is changing and growing so fast that whole districts are scarcely recognizable from one week to the next. The manager of the Toronto Industrial Commission, William A. Willson, had to apologize recently to a group of businessmen he was taking on a tour of industrial sites for not being able to identify a nest of new factories. "I haven't been up this way for about a month," he explained. The United Church decided five years ago that twenty-two new churches would be required over the next decade to keep up with the religious needs of growing Toronto. Now, after buying thirty sites and putting up twenty-six new buildings, the church has had to face the fact that it has fallen even farther behind instead of catching up. It is looking for sites to build twenty-seven more churches.

"We didn't guess that the growth would be so rapid," says Rev. J. C. Torrance, the director of United Church extension in the Toronto area. "Experts told us that in times of economic prosperity the birth rate goes down. It hasn't. Families are larger than ever."

Nobody guessed that Toronto's growth would be so rapid. A year ago Mayor Nathan Phillips told a businessmen's association, "This is the second fastest-growing city on the continent." He guessed Los Angeles was first. He was wrong. Toronto today is the fastest-growing city on the continent, and very likely in the world.

On the basis of yearly percentage increases in (a) population, (b) assessed value of property, (c) money spent on construction, (d) the amount of retail business done, (e) the number of cheques cashed—on all these grounds that normally reflect physical expansion Toronto is growing faster than Los Angeles, which calls itself "the fastest-growing city in America." It is growing faster than Houston, the oil-booming Texas metropolis; faster than Edmonton, the centre of Canada's oil boom; and faster than Montreal, its closest rival in Canada. If there's a faster-growing city in the world it is probably mushrooming Sao Paulo in Brazil, but the Brazilians, while happy to say it is, do not provide figures to prove it.

Not so Toronto. With a booming birth rate (a hundred and fifty babies born every day), a flood of immigrants (almost half the fifty thousand who come to Canada every year settle in southern Ontario) and a rush of fortune hunters from all parts of Canada and the United States, Metropolitan Toronto is growing at the rate of fifty thousand people a year—equal to the population of a city the size of Saint John, N.B., and twice the size of Niagara Falls. Just to put roofs over their heads takes more than twenty thousand new homes a year—enough to fill eight square miles—and that's not replacing ramshackle old homes or biting into the shortage left from the war years.

So fast has the population increased that housing has not been able to keep up with it, and so frantic has been the pace

of building both homes and industry that the metropolitan services—water, sewers, transportation and communication—have lagged far behind as well. Five years ago Bell Telephone Company officials, their nerves in tatters as they tried to calm fifteen thousand angry applicants clamoring for phones that weren't available, launched a big expansion program designed to meet the demand. Since then, with new exchanges and bigger staffs, they have installed one hundred and sixty thousand new phones. But their nerves are still in tatters and the backlog of applicants is still exactly fifteen thousand.

The Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto, which was created by the Ontario government in 1954 to integrate the public services, works and planning of the city and its twelve satellite townships, towns and villages, is now Canada's fourth largest government. It trails behind the governments of Canada, Ontario and Quebec, but its budget of almost two hundred and twenty million dollars last year was larger than that of British Columbia, our third biggest-spending province.

"Toronto has become a boom town as glutted with prosperity as a city of one million three hundred thousand can be," the New York Herald Tribune reported recently. "It is a town of enormous wealth, where the talk is in millions of dollars and hundreds of millions of tons of ore. If it weren't for the difference in accents an American would think he was in Texas."

If that sounds somewhat fanciful to the average Canadian, it doesn't to at least one Texan, a tall, bland, handsome construction engineer named Clarence B. Antill. Antill was the chief engineer on the wartime Canol pipeline project to Alaska, and he's now helping to plan and build a hundred-million-dollar city of fifteen thousand people in twenty-five towering apartment buildings on the former site of Thorncroft racetrack, right in the geographic centre of Toronto's metropolitan area.

"Texas—and especially Houston—is riding an oil boom," Antill observed recently. "But Toronto has several booms working for it; it's half a dozen major American cities in one." It's like New York with its tremendous stock-market activity (the Toronto Stock Exchange handles the largest daily volume of shares of any stock exchange in the world); it's like Detroit with its auto industry (General Motors at nearby Oshawa and Ford at Oakville on Toronto's other flank are the largest automotive plants in Canada); it's like Chicago as a distributing centre (one third of the entire Canadian market is within a hundred-mile radius of Toronto); it's like Pittsburgh with its concentration of industry (there are almost forty-five hundred industrial plants of every variety, and forty percent of the new plants opening in Canada are locating in the Toronto area).

"If that weren't enough," Antill added, "there will soon be the St. Lawrence Seaway, and Toronto will become a major world port. Look at all those things and you understand why it's the fastest-growing city today."

Trying to establish Toronto's pre-eminence with statistics, however, is like trying to compare a heavyweight boxing champion with a middleweight or a lightweight champion. No two boom cities on this continent are exactly the same size in area or population; the basis of their property assessment varies, and so do construction costs. But Toronto's percentage growth outstrips that of its rivals.

For example, in Metropolitan Toronto's thirteen municipalities there are now 1,304,363 people where 979,220 lived seven years ago—a jump of thirty-two percent. In the same period Houston's population climbed twenty-five percent to just over a million and Los Angeles' went up twenty-three percent to top five million. Toronto's greatest strides have been made only in the last three years. The value of construction soared from three hundred million dollars in 1953 to almost half a billion last year (Montreal reached four hundred million), a percentage growth that eclipsed both Houston and Los Angeles.

Most of the other graph lines of *Continued on page 68*



Toronto is home to many new Canadians. A beard hardly gets a glance today.



Canadian Aldred beat all comers for the rich chore of announcing the Chevy Show. Here he concentrates at rehearsal, keeping an eye on Dinah Shore on the monitor.

The man with the \$100,000 voice

is Joel Aldred who gets a bigger fee for touting cars or cigarettes on radio and TV than any other announcer. It takes more than a bright smile and a smooth voice. Here's how he does it

IT IS THE FATE of many television announcers to smile into suddenly emptied living rooms and hold up economy-sized cartons for an absent audience that is hastily preparing salami sandwiches, breaking open ice-cube trays or slipping out of a girdle. In this much-insulted profession only a few hucksters, men with tempered sex appeal and boyish grins, are credited with the ability to make viewers hold still for the commercial.

Such a man is Joel Aldred, one of the handful of commercial announcers in the United States who earn more than a hundred thousand dollars a year. Aldred has been described by many authorities, including himself, as one of the best announcers in the world. He currently commands what he believes is the highest fee, per live commercial, of any announcer in the business. For extolling cars for a few minutes on the Chevy Show, an hour-long variety production from Hollywood, he is paid about two thousand dollars per show. Other sponsors on both radio and television boost his annual income to six figures.

BY JUNE CALLWOOD



Aldred is also one of the most remarkable commuters of the age. He has a home in Toronto, where he is establishing his own film company, but he also works in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit. Last year he made three hundred and ten airplane trips between Toronto and New York. For a two-

week period last summer he slept every night in a plane, working alternate days in New York and Hollywood.

Most Canadians who watch Joel Aldred opening car doors, pointing to the results of acidity tests and puffing cigarettes are troubled by the nagging, unplaceable familiarity of his name. It has been almost six years since Aldred became a federal election issue because he had been fired from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for disloyalty to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Aldred's name appears in Hansard because George Drew announced the firing in the House of Commons and termed it "part of the fear complex" of the CBC. Aldred later stumped Ontario for the Progressive Conservatives, calling the CBC "a wonderful example of socialistic monopoly at work." Aldred's remarkable rise in the strange new profession of television selling has failed to endear him to the CBC—he says he has never been invited to attend a CBC audition—and time hasn't mellowed his own opinion of the CBC.



WITH PERRY COMO and fan-club official, Aldred hits spotlight. His self-confidence is staggering.



WITH BOB HOPE, Aldred checks script. Last year he made the New York-Toronto plane trip 310 times.



WITH DINAH SHORE AND GISELE, Joel relaxes at a show rehearsal. Fired from the CBC in 1949 his case was aired in parliament. Aldred once said the CBC was "a wonderful example of socialistic monopoly at work."

The television salesman is a new breed of man, a ten-year-old baby giant who has become an autocratic power in modern advertising. The salesman gets his resonant voice, most often, from years of experience as a radio announcer. To this, since television aids like the TelePrompTer—a roll of heavy print that is turned so the announcer can read as he speaks—are intended only as insurance, he adds a good memory, steady nerves and a photogenic face. In addition, since he comes into homes more regularly than a favorite neighbor he must look the part of a neighbor, neither too sophisticated nor too awkward. He must also be able to put zeal and excitement into a sales pitch for deodorant or dandruff remover.

Joel Aldred is a prime example of the new species. He is thirty-five, a six-foot freckled blond whose appearance is described by Spence Caldwell, the owner of the Toronto ad agency that handled Aldred's first television commercial nearly four years ago, as perfect for TV. "He's a he-man," Caldwell says, "but he doesn't look so sexy he'd try to steal your wife."

Also perfect for television, if not for social occasions, is Aldred's imperturbable confidence. It is considered essential that television salesmen believe themselves infallible. Their voices must not quiver and their eyes cannot be clouded with concern. "You wouldn't want a doctor who didn't appear to be convinced that he could cure you, would you?" asks Joseph Moran, vice-president of the Young and Rubicam advertising agency in New York, who deals daily with television announcers. "Joel has that confidence—all those who get to the top have it."

Aldred's assurance does not fade when the cameras are turned off. It is built into his whole personality and background. When he was a nine-year-old delivering papers he was determined to be the best paper boy in the city. At nineteen he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and made no secret of his decision to become the best pilot in the service. "I discovered when I was fifteen years old," Aldred says matter-of-factly, "that I can do anything well that I want to—anything."

In a profession fraught with hysteria, shaky breathing and panic-taut vocal chords, Aldred has never known a nervous moment. He is sure he can sell on television as well as or better than any man alive and his fees tend to prove he's right.

He is helped by a quick and selective memory of the kind that remembers months later the names of people he met casually at a party. Aldred rarely starts to study a script until he arrives at the studio to rehearse. He can memorize a four-minute script in an hour.

In 1953 Aldred did a six-hundred-word, four-minute commercial for RCA Victor which was then the longest in television history. Recently he broke his own record and did a five-minute commercial for Chevrolet. These long commercials are small spectacles, costing as much as fifteen thousand dollars and occupying a separate studio with a cast of forty or fifty, including a full orchestra, singing chorus and actors. Aldred walks around the studio from automobile to automobile, opening doors and pointing at

Continued on page 73



Bruce Hutchison rediscovers THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

VIII

Northern Ontario

"This land of shaven stone and stunted trees was called Ontario, but . . . the north was a separate province in everything but political arrangements, its people a separate breed, its life turned forever northward"

COLOR PHOTO FOR MACLEAN'S BY GEORGE HUNTER



THE NEW TOWN OF LIVELY: "A yard from the pavement the Shield . . . mother of all things, rolled to a hard horizon under a dome of gun metal."

IN COBALT I met two ruined men. One of them, being Chinese and therefore a philosopher, took ruin calmly and grinned at me from behind his restaurant counter like a gentle old monkey. The other, a broken miner, having no gift of philosophy, pointed to the tortured hills of Cobalt, the pyramids of crushed rock and the lurching mine towers. "She's gone," he said, "murdered, crucified and dead from hell to breakfast."

The Chinese proprietor—speaking in an odd mixture of English and French—told me that the fatal mistake of his life had been to settle in Cobalt. His restaurant in Montreal had employed eight French-Canadian waitresses and had earned him a modest fortune, now lost. Here

he was his own cook, waiter and dishwasher, trapped in Cobalt. Still, he rather liked it. The people were so nice, so *gentil*.

"When I hit this town," the miner said, "she was the best damn town in the north—thirty mines, ten thousand people and whisky two drinks for twenty-five cents. And, mind you, not watered down like now. We was rich on a dollar and a half a day. That was nineteen-seven. Now she's dead. Two mines, two thousand people. And me too old to work."

Why didn't he leave Cobalt for a warmer climate in the south? "Hell, man," he cried, "you can't leave the north! Once you're in you can't get out." Why? His face wrinkled deeper in thought and he finally explained everything.

"It's the north," he said, "that's all. The north."

So he, too, had trapped himself in this diminished town. Cobalt! It was a word of magic fifty years ago. When Jim McKinley and Ernie Darragh picked up a hunk of pure silver beside Long Lake, on August 7, 1903, these humble timber cruisers had unlocked the Precambrian Shield and given Canada a new dimension. Out of Cobalt surged the great Ontario mineral boom, which is just getting nicely into its stride today. But it has left Cobalt, its birthplace, far behind, almost forgotten.

I looked out the window again at the ragged street, the hills blasted, riven and gutted of their treasure. What, the miner asked, did I think of that?

Continued on page 48



MISSION BEGUN: Mate of the tug Sudbury shoots a line to Greek freighter Makedonia.

THE SAGA OF the tug that never gave up

She was a white elephant, they jeered,
eating up a quarter million dollars waiting for a job that never came.

Then, out of the Pacific, came a cry for help . . .

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

IN THE SPRING of 1954 Harold Elworthy, the burly breezy president of Island Tug and Barge Ltd., of Victoria, B.C., engaged in some nautical horse trading. He swapped the hulks of four ancient steamers he'd converted into barges for a rakish war-surplus RCN corvette, the Sudbury.

Like Elworthy the previous owners of the Sudbury were in the business of towing logs and general cargo barges between B. C. ports. They had bought the corvette in the hope that she would make a useful tug. But she was twice the size of the average tug; she required twice the crew, burned four times as much fuel, and was a notoriously expensive flop.

Harold B. Elworthy, whose initials and reputation gained for him the nickname of "Hard-Boiled," seemed to have acquired a white elephant.

When he spent more than two hundred thousand dollars equipping the Sudbury as a deep-sea salvage vessel, his competitors thought he'd gone crazy: deep-sea salvage jobs are so rare that it seemed like money thrown down the drain. They noted with sardonic satisfaction that the Sudbury lay idle for weeks on end. It was common knowledge on the Victoria waterfront that she was gobbling up more than a hundred dollars a day in the wages of six watchmen and the price of fuel used to keep up her steam so that she could sail at a minute's notice.

But Elworthy was betting that sooner or

later a big ship would get into distress and that the Sudbury would be called to her aid. To make sure everybody in the business knew he had such a tug standing by, he advertised her in Lloyd's Catalogue, an annual booklet that lists the nature of seafaring enterprises throughout the world. Underneath a big photograph of the Sudbury were the words: "The largest and most powerful tug and salvage vessel on the Pacific Coast of the Americas."

But there was nothing for the Sudbury to salvage.

Occasionally, when Island Tug and Barge's twenty-five other tugs were busy, Elworthy would gather a crew of nineteen, the minimum required to sail the Sudbury, and send her out on a log or barge tow at heavy loss. While his competitors laughed Elworthy valued these voyages as training exercises. Elworthy employs two hundred crew members and switches them from ship to ship as occasion demands. Eventually, nearly all of them had had an opportunity of handling the Sudbury at sea.

Still no salvage assignments came the Sudbury's way.

One day a shareholder grumbled to Elworthy, "Why do you keep that old hog?" At this point the tug had lost ITB thirty thousand dollars. Elworthy replied grimly, "Against the moment of golden opportunity."

The golden moment arrived on November 1, 1955. Far out in the storm-tossed North Pacific, thirty-five hundred miles from Victoria, came a cry for help. The Greek freighter Makedonia was helpless and out of control.

Marine underwriters in New York searched

frantically for a ship capable of rescuing her, one with enough power and range to tackle the job. There was only one on the coast: the Sudbury.

During November and December the Sudbury and the Makedonia wrote together the first chronicle of skill and fortitude at sea since, four years before, the English tug Turmoil had attempted to rescue from the North Atlantic the stricken Danish freighter Flying Enterprise.

From beginning to end the adventure was a financial gamble for Elworthy. He sent the Sudbury out on a "no-cure no-pay" basis. If the Sudbury failed to save the Makedonia, ITB would lose the cost of keeping her at sea for a month: about fifty thousand dollars. If the tug got her safely back to port, on the other hand, ITB would stand to collect, under customary international salvage practice, half the value of the Makedonia: around three hundred thousand dollars.

Two hundred feet long, thirty-three feet wide and seventeen feet deep, the Sudbury is a floating engineering works. The former navy messdecks are stacked with expensive pumps, air compressors and welding apparatus. Her machine shop is equipped with electrically driven lathes, punches and hammers. Her bridge carries the last word in gyrocompasses, radar, loran radio position-fixers, radiotelephones and direction-finding and depth-sounding instruments. The expanded tanks give her an unharnessed range of six thousand miles. She can accommodate twenty crewmen in comfortable two-berth cabins. The mess is fitted with up-to-date

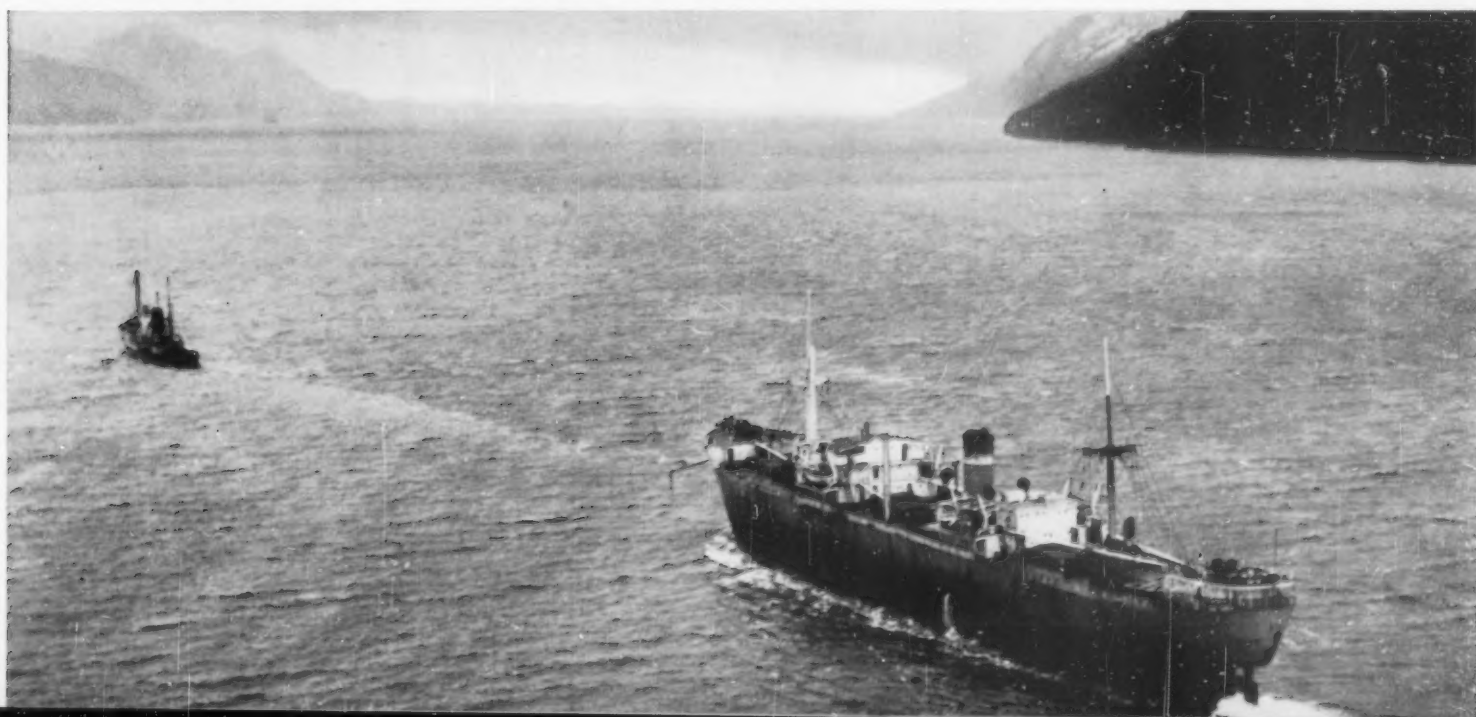
Continued on page 56



MISSION IN PERIL: High seas threaten to snap the two thousand feet of taut towline linking the two ships as the Sudbury hauls for Vancouver.



MISSION RENEWED: Lost, her line broken, the Makedonia is found again by the Sudbury, and the long tow resumes along the B.C. coast (below).





What you don't know about

BY N. J. BERRILL

WE ALL KNOW we need sleep. We know how refreshing a good sleep can be, and most of us know the torment of a sleepless night. What actually constitutes sleep, however, is by no means fully understood. Generally it is considered to be a periodic temporary interruption of the waking state which we usually take for granted is the natural or normal state of existence. Waking and sleeping have been compared with health and disease and even with life and death, for superficially the contrast is similar. Yet, no matter how farfetched

the comparison, sleep and wakefulness are two sides of the same penny, and neither makes sense without the other. We are in fact faced with a question like the chicken and the egg: which came first? Is sleep something we have to explain, as though it were a blow on the head that makes us unconscious every night, or is it more a question of what keeps us awake? The distinction is important.

There have been many theories, from the time of the ancient Greeks to the present, and the discussion continues. All agree that relaxation of the muscles of the body and rest for the mind are the most obvious benefits. Some investigators speak of a sleep centre in the

brain which periodically puts out the light of consciousness. Others, especially Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, of Chicago University, prefer to think of a wakefulness centre that must be constantly stimulated to stay active, with sleep supervening when its activity drops. The evidence favors the second view. In either case, the centre is considered to lie in the hypothalamus, which is a small median part of the brain located at its base and probably the oldest part of all.

Sleep is not quite the universal habit of backboned animals we are inclined to think it to be, although even newly hatched fish fry have been seen to sleep. Sheep and cattle, once they

DID YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT YOUR SLEEP?



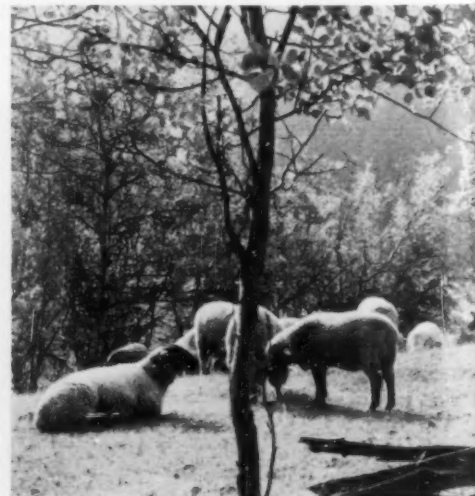
A HOT BATH CAN KEEP YOU AWAKE

It stirs up your blood and peps you up. But a merely warm bath can relax you and help you sleep. So can bird songs.



YOU CHANGE POSITION EVERY FIVE MINUTES

If you sleep like a log you probably have a fever and are sick. Here pajama makers check a sleeper's moves.



LACK OF SLEEP WON'T KILL YOU

It doesn't hurt sheep or cattle—they never sleep. But rabbits rest twenty times a day.



SLEEP

Ever since man first awoke to the light of day he has wondered about the mysteries of sleep. Here are some surprising answers to an age-old puzzle

have passed the nursing stage, apparently never go to sleep. Weaning launches them into perpetual insomnia, and those of us who fear that lack of sleep can eventually prove fatal may take heart. Insomnia is troublesome but by itself lack of sleep has not as yet killed anyone. The trouble with sheep and their kind is that they crop grass throughout the day and chew the cud mainly by night. Their jaws work all the time. Moreover, apart from chewing and regurgitation, their stomachs are so complicated that a fully recumbent position quickly leads to acute indigestion.

We see here a clue to the nature both of sleep and of wakefulness. You cannot go to

sleep standing upright without support, nor with violent rumblings inside you. Neither can you remain tense once you are asleep. Muscle tension and muscle fatigue are in fact so much a part of the whole picture that it is difficult to disentangle them from the mental aspects. Nathaniel Kleitman, who together with his colleagues has done more to deepen our understanding of sleep than any other scientist, has investigated the effects of lack of sleep on both puppies and human beings. He himself went without sleep once for more than one hundred and sixty hours. Neither puppies nor men could keep awake without continued muscular activity. Exhaustion and unconquerable

sleepiness were always accompanied by extreme muscular weakness, with an intense desire to close the eyes—sleep following immediately if they were allowed to close. Apart from muscle fatigue there was increased sensitivity to pain, impairment of disposition, and eventually a tendency to hallucinations concerning sight and sound. All of this could be rectified by a single good sleep.

Falling asleep is like closing up the house for the night—pulling the blinds, switching off the radio, turning out the lights and locking the door. You close your eyes, switch off the electrical signals pouring along the optic nerves and those from the

Continued on page 61



YOUR BODY BECOMES COOLER

Electric gadget on this sleeper showed slight drop in skin's temperature. Your limbs also grow bigger.



YOU SHOULDN'T AWAKEN IN A HURRY

An alarm ends sleep but it also bewilders you and you wake up groggy. Getting up with the sun is better.



WHEN YOU WAKE UP, GET UP!

You'll feel better than if you doze. Some people can even learn to wake on time without an alarm.



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France has a bar like this for every thirty-four people. Drinking in such happy surroundings seems to say the French drink sensibly. But do they?

Has France learned to drink safely?

It's a popular legend that Frenchmen are "civilized" drinkers to whom liquor is neither a medical nor a social problem. The facts may startle you

ON DECEMBER 28, 1954, a wild-eyed farmer named Joseph Hélène burst into the mayor's office in Rouans, a sleepy village near the mouth of the Loire River in France, and began raving incoherently about his children "in Heaven." Under questioning, the forty-five-year-old Hélène told a story that made his listeners' blood run cold.

That morning he had left home with his eleven-year-old son and seven-year-old daughter to pull up sugar beets in a nearby field. He took along a shotgun and five shells—in case, as he told his wife, he saw any game on the way. A few minutes after arriving at the field, Hélène suddenly went berserk, leveled the gun at his son and killed him instantly. The terrified little girl was brought down with a second shot. Returning home, the farmer shot and killed his

BY ROBERT RIGBY

fourteen-year-old eldest daughter. His wife managed to escape.

Asked why he had murdered his children, the peasant mumbled dully: "They are better in Heaven. Now they will not have to suffer this curse as I have."

The "curse" he was talking about, and had been treated for in a psychiatric hospital, was a lifelong mental disorder. Son of alcoholic parents, Joseph Hélène blamed his condition on their excesses. And, as a long-time alcoholic himself, he was convinced that his own children had inherited the same mental disturbance.

The case of Joseph Hélène shocked French newspaper readers. At the same time, it didn't surprise them very much—hardly a day passes that some similar violence isn't reported in the press. And yet all these cases, tragic and pitiful as they are, make up only a small fraction of the

lives destroyed yearly, in one way or another, by France's gravest public health menace: alcoholism.

Many people abroad are inclined to be slightly skeptical that France can really be confronted with a first-class alcoholism problem. What, they object, about the Frenchman's widespread reputation for civilized drinking? What about his legendary capacity, conditioned from youth, that enables him to go on drinking moderately throughout the day and throughout his lifetime without showing any ill effects? And what, asks the tourist just back from France, about the fact that you rarely see a public drunk in café-strewn Paris?

All these points have the appearance of validity but the alcoholism still exists. As French doctors must constantly point out to their own countrymen, a person need never be intoxicated to wind up an alcoholic. Open intoxication is merely a temporary state following an overdose *Continued on page 40*

◀ On the way to work in the morning these Frenchmen drop in for a quick one. Many drink all day long.



THESE FRENCHMEN ARE DRINKING MILK BUT THEIR PREMIER'S ATTEMPT TO TURN FRANCE FROM WINE WAS A FAILURE

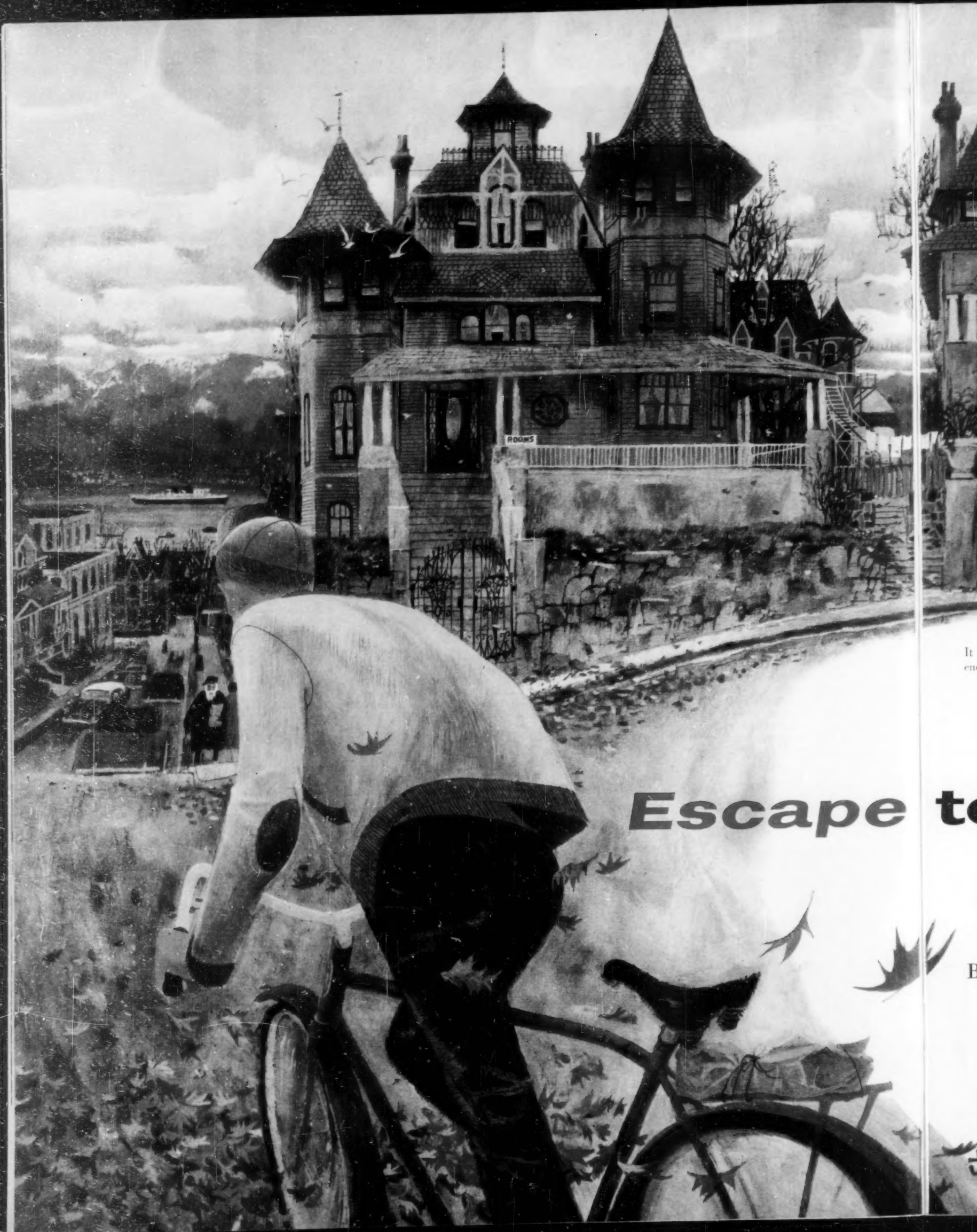
In 1954 Pierre Mendès-France tried to fight liquor with new laws, but pro-liquor deputies blocked him.



During Mendès-France's campaign school kids drank milk. Many parents think wine is better for them.



In London singer Maurice Chevalier tries milk. His face shows what Frenchmen thought of drink laws.



Escape to

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enc

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It was one of those big old houses in the west end of Vancouver . . . better looked after than most.

e to the city

BY GORDON WOODWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

In the shining busy streets of Vancouver
he thought no one could ever be lonely. Then he
realized what it meant to lose a family

IT WAS ALMOST three o'clock when I arrived in the city that afternoon.

It was that day in late September when I had started out early in the morning while the thick white mist lay close to the ground and I could see the willow bushes down by the river poking up through the filmy blanket beneath the bridge where Clifford and I had always gone fishing; the dew that morning clustered in thick glistening drops on the handlebars of my bike as I wheeled it quietly down from the porch so as not to wake up Jeannie and Father, who would not even know I was gone until they got up and found that note I had left on the kitchen table saying I had gone to the city to visit Clifford.

And I knew Father would be angry, because he hadn't even written to Clifford since that day over two months before when they had argued about Clifford going into the business because he was seventeen and through high school. Clifford had refused; instead he had answered an ad in the newspaper for a position as an apprentice in a chemical firm in the city and then had drawn all of his money out of the local bank (which had been seven dollars and nineteen cents) and had climbed on the bus with no one there to even say good-by to him; and I hadn't seen him since that day.

I was beginning to get tired. I'd ridden over fifty-three miles since I had turned off by Galloway's Dairy on the outskirts of Abbotsford that morning and then had headed down the highway through the smell of trees and rotting leaves and the sun throwing bright patches of early sunlight across the fields. I pulled over to the curb and took out the letter I had received from Clifford and looked at the house number again; it was in the next block so I rode close to the curb with my bike wheels crunching over the dried leaves in the gutter until I came to it.

It was one of those big old houses which line the streets in the west end of Vancouver; it was better looked after than most of them and was painted a bright cream-and-brown color. I got off my bike and wheeled it through the gate; then I untied the parcel on the carrier and went up the steps and rang the doorbell.

After a minute a lady came to the door; she was not very old but had grey hair and glasses. "Does Clifford Barton live here, ma'am?" I said.

"Yes, he does," she said. "But he's not in right now."

"Well, I'm his brother," I said.

"Oh, I see." She seemed as though she didn't know what to say.

"I just came in from Abbotsford where we live," I said. I pointed to my blue CCM lying at the bottom of the steps. "I rode in on my bike," I said.

"That's a long way to ride," she said.

"It certainly is," I said. She still didn't move; and I knew she was stalling for some reason. "I haven't seen Clifford for a couple of months," I said.

"That's quite a coincidence, you coming," she said, "because he was telling me just yesterday about all his brothers at home."

"Oh, there must be some mistake, ma'am," I said. "He doesn't have any other brothers except me . . . only a sister." Then all at once I realized that she had been trying to find out if I really was Clifford's brother; and she knew I knew it.

"I'm sorry," she said, and she smiled. "I have to be careful." She opened the door wider. "Would you like to go up to his room? He should be home about six."

I followed her into the hallway and she closed the door and then led me up two flights of winding carpeted stairs to a room on the top floor; she opened the door and let me go in first and then stood in the doorway a moment. "Are you hungry?" she said.

"No thanks," I said. "I had a hamburger and a milkshake at a place on the highway."

She looked at me for a minute with a kind of warm smile on her face. "You don't look much like Clifford," she said.

"I guess just about everybody tells us that," I said.

"You're the youngest, are you?" she said.

"I'm fifteen," I said. "Just turned fifteen."

"Well, if there's anything you want you just come downstairs," she said. She started to close the door and then she came back again. "The bathroom is right across the hall," she said. She closed the door and I could hear her footsteps going down the stairs. *Continued on page 32*



Watch Out, Girls, I'm Dangerous!

A father who accidentally sighed at the movies
gets some tips from his son on the pitfalls of middle age.

The moral is: don't try too hard to be gallant

YOU NEVER know when an offspring of yours will start getting ideas, and you may be particularly surprised to find that he thinks you're the one who's getting them. Recently I noticed my oldest and only son casting appraising glances at me, and finally I enquired: "Anything wrong, son? Am I squinting too much or is my jacket on backwards?"

"Nope," he said, "it's not that," and then hesitated. Finally he enquired: "Do you realize, Dad, that you're at the dangerous age?"

I thought that one over a while and then replied: "I'm not as young as I used to be, I admit, but I feel pretty spry. In fact the doc checked my ticker only last week and he says it's in A-1 shape."

John shook his head. "That's not what I mean," he said. "I mean that you're getting into late middle age. That's when a married man is apt to become restless, and—I mean

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY DESMOND ENGLISH

he's liable to—he gets to thinking about—"

"Come, come," I intervened. "Let's get out with this. What do you think I'm going to do? Start a revolution?"

"What I mean," he said, "is that his thoughts are apt to turn to—other women."

"So that's it," I said. "You're afraid I'm going to become a philanderer. And just where, may I ask, did you pick up that idea?"

"Why everybody knows it's apt to happen to men your age. You read about it in all kinds of articles and things. It's a psychological and sociological fact. We kids have talked it over a lot."

"In my time," I reproved him, "seventeen-year-old lads confined their attention to such subjects as Charlie Chaplin, the hockey standings and the possibility of Blériot cross-

ing the English Channel in an airplane."

"I was watching you at the movies the other evening," said John, ignoring my comment. "You were certainly sitting on the edge of your chair and paying mighty keen attention to those close-ups of Sandra Darlé."

"I was indeed," I admitted, "—knowing that at any moment secret agents of a foreign power were going to make an attempt on her life."

"I heard you sigh when she kissed John McRover," he went on.

I nodded. "I should have known better than to eat scallops for dinner. They give me indigestion every time."

"And that's another thing," he continued, "—the way you behaved at the restaurant where we ate before the show."

"Did I put my foot on the table or something?" I enquired.

"No," he admitted, *Continued on page 47*





FORD'S *Thunderbird* styling

STARS IN THE SMARTEST SETTINGS

Wherever you go, even in the smartest, most fashionable surroundings, you'll see the unmistakable Thunderbird styling of the '56 Ford — adding an extra touch of beauty and glamour to the setting! Every clean-cut line, every graceful contour of the '56 Ford bears the stamp of its styling inspirations, the Thunderbird.

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(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are "Standard" on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)

'56 FORD

WITH LIFEGUARD DESIGN

WE INVITE YOU TO DRIVE THE '56 FORD
AT YOUR FORD-MONARCH DEALER'S



What a PICK-UP



Yet it RELAXES



Tea gives you such a refreshing lift . . .
and leaves you feeling so good afterwards.



Tea Council

That's
the **MAGIC** of
TEA

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Margaret Johnston watches anxiously as Jack Hawkins ponders family mix-up.

BEST BET

TOUCH AND GO: William Rose, who wrote *Genevieve* and *The Maggie*, has come up with another pleasant British comedy. The plotting is thin but the characters are keenly and likably imagined. Peppery Jack Hawkins quits his job and prepares to move to Australia with his wife and daughter, but his plans are soon complicated by a sudden love affair, a vanishing cat named Heathcliff, and other problems.

ANIMAL FARM: Based on George Orwell's anti-communist allegory about a barnyard republic which gradually becomes a dictatorship, this is the first feature-length animated cartoon to tackle an adult theme instead of the usual kindergarten slapstick. A British effort, it sometimes fails to compete with Hollywood's best technical standards.

HELL ON FRISCO BAY: Edward G. Robinson's well-written, well-acted portrayal of an old-fashioned racketeer and some handsome wide-screen views of San Francisco are of interest here. But the story is stale and predictable and Alan Ladd is even more wooden than usual as an ex-policeman trying to prove he was framed into prison.

I'LL CRY TOMORROW: Lillian Roth's real-life descent from show-business eminence to the gutter, and her painful comeback with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous, are movingly depicted and Susan Hayward acts and sings the central role with real authority. Some aspects of the story, though, are too superficially handled.

RANSOM! A wealthy man's agonizing decision not to deal with his small son's kidnappers is the start of some paralyzing tension. Glenn Ford as the father is more impressive than Donna Reed, who can't quite climb the emotional peaks demanded of the mother.

Gilmour's guide to the current crop

The African Lion: Wildlife. Good.
All That Heaven Allows: Drama. Fair.
The Big Knife: Drama. Good.
Blood Alley: Adventure. Fair.
Cockleshell Heroes: War drama. Good.
The Colditz Story: Drama. Good.
The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell: Biographical drama. Good.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.
The Deep Blue Sea: Drama. Good.
Desert Sands: Adventure. Fair.
The Desperate Hours: Drama. Excellent.
Diabolique: Horror mystery. Good.
Doctor at Sea: British comedy. Fair.
The Good Die Young: Drama. Fair.
Glory: Race-track drama. Fair.
The Great Adventure: Wildlife. Excellent.
Guys and Dolls: Musical. Excellent.
Heidi and Peter: Children's story. Good.
Helen of Troy: Epic drama. Good.
I Died a Thousand Times: Crime and suspense. Poor.
Illegal: Courtroom drama. Fair.
The Indian Fighter: Western. Fair.
It's Always Fair Weather: Satire and musical comedy. Excellent.
Kismet: Arabian Nights musical. Fair.
Lady and the Tramp: Cartoon. Good.
Let's Make Up: Fantasy-musical. Poor.

The Lieutenant Wore Skirts: Comedy. Good.
The Looters: Action drama. Fair.
A Man Alone: Western. Fair.
The Man With the Golden Arm: Drug-addict drama. Good.
Man With the Gun: Western. Good.
Marty: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Night My Number Came Up: British suspense drama. Good.
The Night of the Hunter: Drama. Fair.
Paris Follies of '56: Musical. Poor.
Picnic: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Prisoner: Drama. Excellent.
Quentin Durward: Adventure. Good.
The Rains of Ranchipur: Drama. Poor.
Rebel Without a Cause: Drama. Fair.
The Rose Tattoo: Comedy-drama. Good.
The Second Greatest Sex: Open-air operetta. Fair.
The Spoilers: Adventure. Poor.
Summertime: Romance. Excellent.
Tarantula: Science horror. Fair.
The Tender Trap: Comedy. Good.
To Hell and Back: War. Good.
Trial: Drama. Excellent.
The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
Ulysses: Adventure drama. Fair.
The View From Pompey's Head: Drama. Good.

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NEW PARKER **Liquid Lead** PENCIL

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smoothly, evenly in a
line that comes
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Both the distinguished men's set and the slim demi-size for ladies feature the superb quality and flowing ease of the Parker "51" with its *exclusive* Electro-Polished Point.

Matching the fabulous "51" is the amazing new Parker **LIQUID LEAD** Pencil, the sensational Parker invention that makes all other pencils *obsolete*. Its point is always sharp;

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Escape to the city

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

I sat down on the edge of the bed and looked around at the small room; it was very clean and bright. There was linoleum on the floor and the wallpaper had white flowers all over it. In one corner there was a small cupboard and below it a table covered with oilcloth with a small electric hot plate and a kettle sitting on it; there were also two white wooden chairs. In

the opposite corner there was a closet with a door on it; and the bed on which I was sitting was covered with a bright homemade quilt.

I looked at the two windows that opened out above the porch on the front of the house; there were small birds twittering and chirping on the roof outside. The leaves on the maple trees along the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street were yellow and soft brown and yet-bright green, suddenly fluttering one by one to the ground with a frail and brittle scraping sound as though made of balsa wood.

My legs and my backside felt stiff and sore and I lay back on the bed and looked up at the ceiling, just gazing blankly the way I had been lying in my own bed in Abbotsford and looking up at the ceiling that morning Clifford had come into the room all dressed and wearing his pale-blue shirt and the maroon tie I had given him for his birthday, when I hadn't even known he was going anywhere until that moment he said, "I'm going, Pat. Take care of yourself. I'll write," and then was gone.

Not even waiting to say good-by to

Father (who wouldn't have answered pleasantly anyway), but just walking out through the door and down to the bus stop and getting on that bus with his battered suitcase in which were all his clothes and that small Wedgwood vase which had belonged to Mother and the sum of seven dollars and nineteen cents in his pocket and heading for the city where he didn't know anyone; so that when I had finally struggled awake that morning and had put on my clothes and jumped on my bike and raced down to the bus stop I had been just in time to see the bus pulling away and had pedaled hard to get alongside and catch just one glimpse of his face and have him see me so that he would know that I at least had wanted to say good-by; and yet I hadn't been fast enough. It had been almost two months before that letter had come and I had even known where he was living in the city.

There was a cool breeze coming through the open window and I pulled the corner of the quilt up over me and put my head on the pillow and then I must have fallen sound asleep; because all at once I felt someone shaking me by the shoulder and calling my name. "Pat! Wake up!" Then a slight pause and another shake. "Pat!"

I SLOWLY opened my eyes and saw Clifford standing by the bed grinning at me, the room looking a little darker and shadier than it had been so that I knew I had slept quite a while. "Am I ever surprised to see you!" he said. "You could have knocked me over when the landlady told me you were here!"

I struggled to come fully awake. "Hi, Clifford!" I said.

"When did you get here?" he said.

"About three o'clock."

"I was expecting you to write," he said, "but I didn't think you'd be able to come in. How did you ever find the place? Did you come in on the bus?"

"I came on my bike," I said. "Didn't you see my CCM out front?"

"I guess I saw it," he said. "But it never struck me it was yours. Did you ride all the way?"

"Sure," I said. I went to get up and felt the stiffness in my thighs. "But I'm a little stiff now," I said. "I'm not used to riding that far."

"You must be starved," he said. "Wait till I have a wash and we'll go and get something to eat." He took off his jacket and hung it in the closet. "Tell me what's been going on," he said.

"I brought you a fish I caught yesterday by the bridge," I said. "A spring. He put up a good fight." I walked over to the table and started to take it out of the paper bag. "And I swiped a jar of Jeannie's raspberry jam," I said. "Jeannie doesn't make very good jam, anyway." We both laughed.

Clifford took a towel and some soap and went across the hall to the bathroom and I could hear him running water in the basin; then after a few minutes he came back drying his neck with the towel. He had taken his glasses off; he always looked different without his glasses as though his eyes had shrunk. "Holy Moses!" he said. "Was I ever surprised when I came in and found you here!" He put his glasses back on and slipped his tie over his head and tightened it and put his jacket on. Then he went over to the cupboard and took down a small bowl and took some money out of it and then put the bowl back in the cupboard. "Come on, kid," he said. "Let's get some food before you collapse from hunger."

We went downstairs and he knocked



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on the landlady's door and asked her if it would be all right for me to put my bike in the basement and she said it would so we went around to the side door and put the bike away; then we went down the front sidewalk and out through the gate. The sun was blood-orange and low in the sky and as we walked down the tree-shaded street it threw long shadows down the sidewalk in front of us; our feet crunched on the dried leaves which had fallen on the cement. "How do you like it, Clifford?" I said.

"You mean Vancouver?" he said. "Or my job?"

"Everything," I said. "Being in Vancouver . . . and having your job . . . and living here . . . you know what I mean."

"I like it fine," he said. "I guess I'm pretty lucky." He went along looking at his feet for a minute. "You should see the building I work in, Pat!" he said. "It covers a whole city block."

"I guess it must be a pretty big company," I said.

"Yes," he said. "They're really big . . . they ship all over the world."

"I guess they must have an awful lot of money," I said.

We came to a corner and turned down towards the harbor. There was a sparkling-white freighter heading out towards The Narrows and the deep glow of evening sunlight rolled across the windows in the wheelhouse like bright liquid fire.

"Do they pay you pretty good money?" I said.

He didn't say anything. We turned another corner and went down the street a little way and turned into a café. The place smelled of cigarette smoke and frying food the way Gerry's Hamburger Bar in Abbotsford smelled on Saturday night when all the gang hung around listening to the juke box. There were no vacant booths so we sat down at the counter in the bucket-shaped wooden stool-seats. The waitress came and I ordered some veal cutlets and mashed potatoes and a glass of milk and a piece of cherry pie. Clifford ordered a cup of coffee and some doughnuts. She gave us each a glass of water and went away along the counter.

"Aren't you going to eat?" I said.

"I'm not hungry," he said. "Down at work we're always eating doughnuts or cookies or candy or some other stuff . . . it ruins a guy's appetite."

"Yes," I said. "I guess it does."

The waitress brought my veal cutlets and I started to eat. I hadn't realized until then just how hungry I really was, and I was enjoying it. Then I happened to look in the big mirror behind the counter and I saw Clifford watching me closely. "Are you sure you aren't going to eat something, Clifford?" I said.

"I'm not the least hungry," he said. "Really I'm not. What made you ask that?"

"Nothing," I said.

I finished my dinner and we got up and Clifford took the check and went over to the cashier and put a two-dollar bill on the counter as though he couldn't understand how he happened to have such a small bill in his pocket. She rang up one dollar and ten cents and gave him the ninety cents and we went outside and turned up Granville Street.

"Feel better?" Clifford said.

"Boy, do I ever!" I said. "That was really good!"

IT WAS beginning to get dark; the streetlights were all on and the neon signs flashed red and blue and green and yellow. There were a lot of people crowding up and down the sidewalk and we had to keep dodging first to

one side, and then the other. It was hard to think that out in Abbotsford at that moment there would be only a few neon signs shining in the whole town; and the only places which would be even open would be Gerry's Hamburger Bar and Watson's Drug Store. I dodged around a couple of old ladies and came up beside Clifford again. "What do you do at night, Clifford?" I said. "I mean what do you do for fun?"

"Oh, I have lots to do," he said. "I have to study, you know. And every Tuesday night I go to a show."

"Why Tuesday?" I said.

"No reason," he said. "I just started going on Tuesday when I first came here. That's the day I get paid: Tuesday."

"Don't you ever go to parties?" I said. "Or anything like that?"

"I could go to lots if I wanted to," he said, "but I don't usually have time."

"I guess a guy kind of grows out of parties after a while, anyway," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "You get tired of them."

We kept walking down the street. The crowd wasn't quite so thick where we were then and we didn't have to dodge so much. We came to the intersection and had to stop for a traffic light.

"What would you like to do now, Pat?" Clifford said. "Would you like to just walk around or what?" The light changed and we crossed over and when we got to the opposite curb, he said, "If I'd brought more money with me we could have gone to a show. I never carry any more money with me than I need. I keep it all in a bowl on

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the shelf back at the room."

"Why don't you put it in the bank?" I said.

"I can't be bothered with banks," he said. "Maybe later on when I get better organized."

"Anyway," I said, "this is Friday night, and Tuesday night is when you go to the show."

"That's right," he said. "It is." He didn't say anything for several minutes, and then he said, "Do they still have the shows two nights a week at home?"

"Yes," I said. "But they're talking about making it every night because of all those construction workers coming into town from that camp on the meridian road. It will sure liven the town up," I said.

"It seems like a year since I left," he said. He stopped to look at some cigarette lighters in a window we were passing and I stopped beside him.

"Clifford," I said. "Haven't you got some friend here in Vancouver you go to shows with, or somebody you just chum around with?" He didn't answer; instead he leaned forward a little and looked closer at the lighters. I knew the minute it was out of my mouth that I'd said the wrong thing; because Clifford didn't make very many friends, he was hard to get to know, but when he did make a friend he was really loyal, as though he expected the friendship to go on as long as he was alive.

Maybe that was why he had felt the way he had that morning when they had told him that his friend, Tink Martin, had been shot in the stomach while cleaning a shotgun. Clifford had ridden thirteen miles to the hospital in Sardis where they had taken him and then had sat there until they came out and told him that Tink had died without ever regaining consciousness. He had turned around and ridden all the way back and then had sat in the corner of the living room and stared at the wall, not even crying and that was what made it so terrible, just sitting there in the corner while Jeannie and Father had nagged at him to eat something until he finally had and then had been sick right away (perhaps it

was because Tink had been shot in the stomach) and then had gone back and sat in the corner again. I'd never forgotten the lost look on his face then. We started walking again. "I guess there are more important things in the world than just having a lot of friends everywhere," I said.

We turned a corner and started along another street. Not far ahead we could see the Court House with its trimming of little white lights; it looked like a fairy palace. After a minute Clifford said, "When do you have to go back, Pat?"

"Tomorrow," I said. "I guess I should head back tomorrow morning."

"It's too bad you couldn't have stayed longer," he said. "If you'd been here Sunday I could have showed you around the city. I don't work Sunday."

"I really think I should go back," I said.

"Yeah," he said. He took out a pack of gum and gave me a stick and then took one himself and put the pack back in his pocket. "Does Father know you came?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "I left before they were up . . . but I left a note and told them."

"He'd be angry when he found out," he said.

"I don't care," I said. "Let him get mad."

We came to another intersection and looking over to our right we could see the harbor and beyond that the mountains on the north shore. The sun had gone down and the whole sky was covered with blood-orange and pink and yellow and purple; it made the mountains look shadowy purple, almost black. There was a dotted line of lights climbing up the side of one of the mountains and I knew it was the mountain chair-lift. "You know what I'd like to do now?" I said.

"What's that, Pat?" he said.

"I'd just like to go back to your place," I said. "Maybe we could look at some magazines or something."

"Okay," he said.

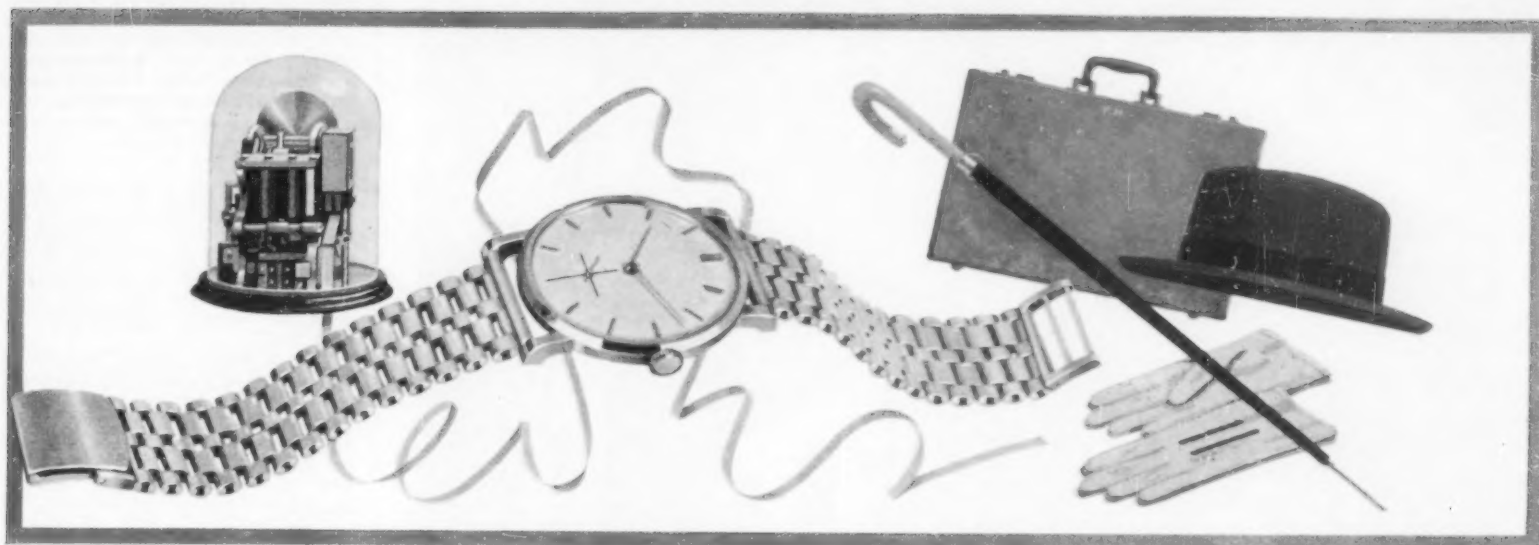
We started walking faster. We passed a little bakery and Clifford went in and I saw the woman take four little

JASPER

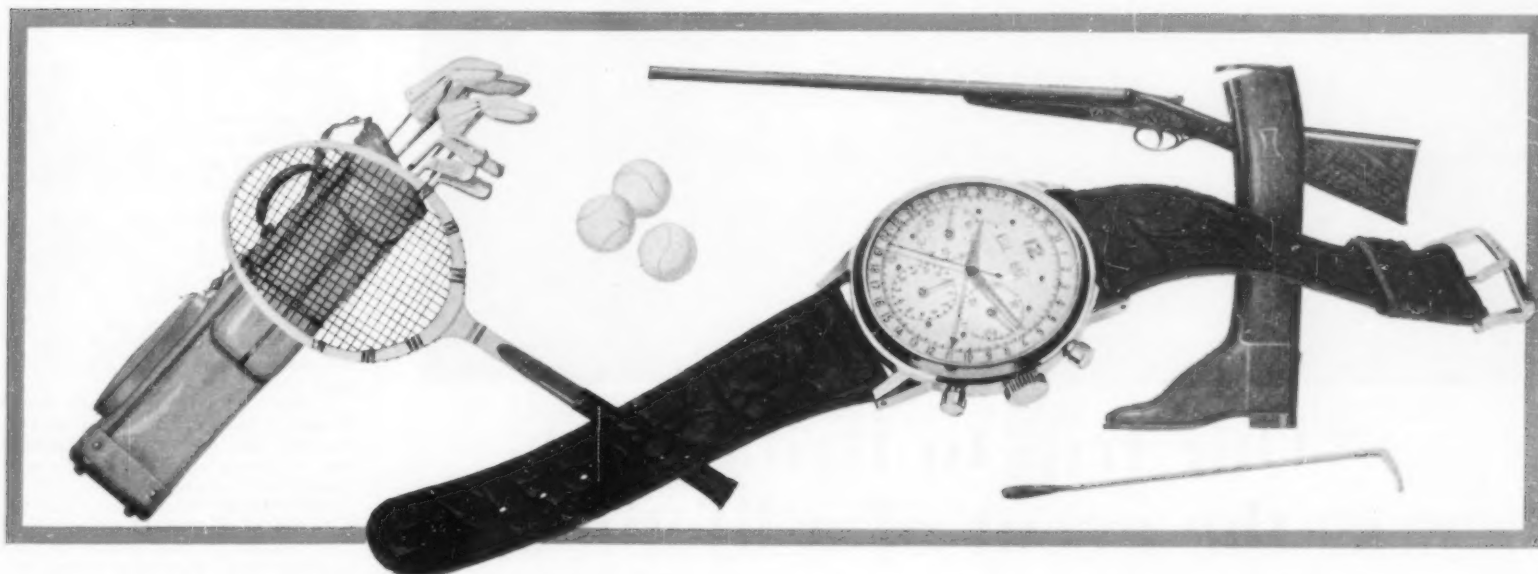
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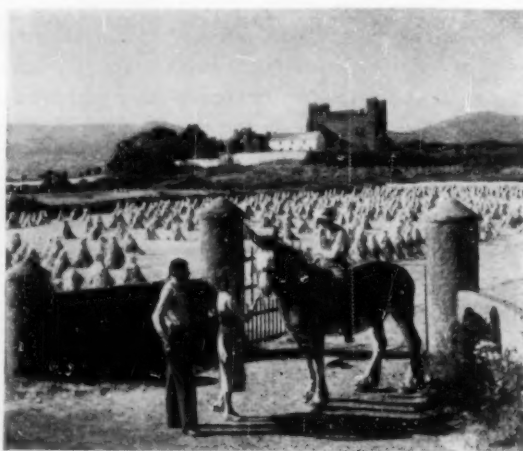


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COME TO BRITAIN

chocolate cream things out of the window and put them in a cardboard box and then Clifford paid her and came out carrying the box. “I thought you’d like these,” he said. “They’re really good . . . I’ve had them before.” “They looked really good in the window,” I said.

WE WALKED back to the house and went upstairs and put on the small drop-cord light. Clifford took the kettle and went in the bathroom and put some water in it and then came back and closed the door. “I’ll make some tea,” he said. “Would you like some tea?”

“Yes, I would,” I said. I sat down on the edge of the bed. My legs really felt stiff and I ran my hands up and down my thighs and watched Clifford. He turned the hot plate on and then got down the teapot and started putting tea bags in it. “How’s Father?” he said suddenly. “And Jeannie?”

“They’re okay,” I said. “I guess.” He didn’t say anything else but he seemed to be taking an awful long time to put the tea in the pot, so I said, “Father never mentions you. I guess he’s still mad.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” he said. He walked over to the corner and took down a couple of scribbles from a small shelf. “Like to see some of the stuff I’m studying?” he said.

“Sure,” I said. He opened one of the notebooks and there were some drawings in colored pencil and some handwritten notes and a lot of loose typewritten sheets. “This is what they call biochemistry,” he said. “I have to study this before I take my exams.”

“When are your exams?” I said. “Oh, not for a long time yet,” he said. “Not until I finish my apprenticeship. But it doesn’t hurt to get started ahead of time.” He put the book down on the bed and went over to make the tea. I flipped some of the pages. “I guess you get a pretty good salary,” I said.

“I don’t get very much right now,” he said. “You see, I’m only an apprentice and that means they’re teaching me. It’s like going to school in a way, except that I get paid.”

“How much?” I said. “I get eleven dollars a week right now,” he said. “But next year I get fourteen; and I also get a week’s holiday with pay next summer.”

He poured some boiling water into the teapot and put the lid on it and then turned the hot plate off. I just kept looking around at the room; it was clean and bright and neat, but there wasn’t very much homeyness about it. There was a stack of magazines on a chair in the corner and a few pocket novels on the shelf by the bed and a calendar from some produce company on the door of the closet and mother’s Wedgwood vase sitting up on top of the cupboard, but there was no radio and there were no lamps or cushions. The window was still open and there was a cool breeze floating in and when I looked out I could see the soft orange squares of lighted windows in the houses across the street.

“A year is a long time,” I said. He brought two cups over and put them on the table and then got a bowl of sugar out of the cupboard and a small can of milk and some teaspoons and put them all on the table. “It’s too bad you haven’t got a radio, Clifford,” I said.

“I’ve never been much of a guy for listening to the radio, anyway,” he said. “You know that.” He poured out some tea and put the pot back and then opened up the box with the chocolate-cream pastries in it. “Dig in,” he said. “They’re good. You’ll like them.”

I picked one up and took a bite out of it; they were really good. I'd never tasted anything like that in Abbotsford. Clifford took one and ate it and then started drinking his tea. "Finish them up, Pat," he said.

"You have another one," I said. "Not for me," he said. "I can't eat much of that stuff. It makes me sick. Besides, I can get them any time I want." He watched me eat them with a little smile on his pale face. "Do you like them?" he said.

"They're super!" I said. "What do they call them?"

"I don't know," he said. "They've probably got some European name." He picked up his cup and took a drink and I noticed that every time he did the steam fogged his glasses and he had to wait a couple of minutes before they cleared again. "What are you going to do now that you've quit school, Pat?" he said.

"I don't know," I said. "I can go to work in Abbotsford. I can even work for Father in the store."

"Is there any kind of work you want to do?" he said. "Anything in particular?"

"No," I said. "I haven't made up my mind yet."

We finished our tea and then Clifford went and washed the cups out and dried them and put them back in the cupboard. We just sat around for a while and then we both decided we were tired so we went to bed and put the light out. I was lying on the outside of the bed and I could see out of the window without moving.

There were a lot of bright-lighted windows and street lights and car lights sliding down the street; but they all seemed as though they had nothing at all to do with Clifford and me lying there in the darkened room; then away in the distance against the dark night sky I could see the bright amber-pointed lights of the Lions Gate Bridge curving through the darkness across The Narrows.

I MUST have been just dozing off when Clifford spoke. "Pat?" he said. "Are you asleep?"

"Not yet," I said.

"Pat, why do you suppose Father got so angry with me?" he said. "I only wanted to live my own life."

I didn't answer for a moment. I wanted to say that it was all because Father was such a bullheaded character; but I knew Clifford wouldn't believe that about anybody, let alone Father. He'd just say there was some reason beneath that. "I don't know, Clifford," I said. "Maybe he just wanted to have his own way."

He didn't say anything for several minutes and I thought he must have gone to sleep; then all of a sudden he said, "So you think he really hates me, Pat?"

"I don't think so, Clifford," I said. "Maybe you just don't see things the same way, that's all. It'll work out okay." I waited for quite a while and there was no sound so I reached over in the darkness and put my hand on his shoulder; he didn't move.

The next morning Clifford woke me up. "Pat! It's half-past seven," he said. "I've got to leave pretty soon. Pat?"

I sat up and opened my eyes; there was bright sunlight pouring through the window and brushing across the cups on the table like liquid amber. Clifford was already dressed and sitting at the table drinking a cup of tea. "I thought I'd let you sleep for a while," he said. "You looked tired."

"I'm okay," I said. I got up and put on my clothes and went across the hall and had a wash and then came back and sat down at the table. "That



How to Remodel an Old-Fashioned Kitchen

by Cam Forrest

APRIL may be spring, but let's face it — in most of Canada the weather is still uncongenial for outdoor work. Obviously what's called for is an indoor project that will keep you busy until warmer days. Why not remodel your kitchen? It's fairly simple and straightforward, and with the right materials the cost can be very low. I know, because I did it myself!

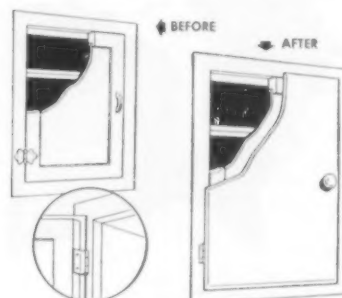
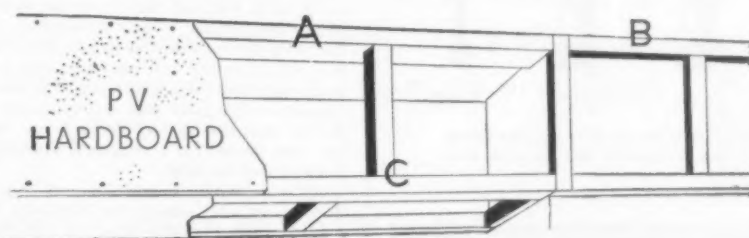
First, I consulted Jean, the lady in my life. I made a sketch of what she wanted and figured out the materials needed. Then I went ahead with the handywork — drop ceiling, new valance, modern cupboard doors, as outlined below. For all new surfaces I chose hardboard, for several reasons. First, it's low in cost! Being an all-wood product, it's tough, yet easily worked, and its smooth surface takes a grand paint

job. To be specific, I used PV Brand hardboards — a selection that has long been my favorite. PV offers, as well as smooth-faced panels, a number of decorative types which are handy about the house.



The Drop Ceiling

This isn't difficult — and it sure makes a difference! First, I removed the old cupboard doors and the moulding at the ceiling line. I then nailed a 2" x 4" (A) right through the plaster to the ceiling joists. It was positioned so that it jutted out 3/4" beyond the cupboard front to bring it flush with the 1" x 2" dressed framing (B). Then I added the framework of 1" x 2" and 2" x 2" as shown in the diagram at (C). An inexpensive recessed lighting fixture proved easy to install, and looks smart too. Finally, I covered the framework with 1/4" PV Utility Board.



I Modernized The Doors Next

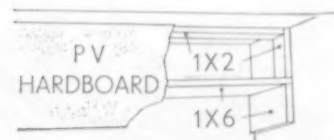
Try it yourself — for a couple of dollars, you can bring your cabinets right up-to-date! First, take the hinges off your old doors. Glue 1/4" PV Utility Board to the door with 3/8" overhang. Round the outer edges. New set-back hinges, new chrome or brass door pulls, and it's done!

Here's How I Built This Smart Valance

I strapped under the drop ceiling with 1" x 2" as shown. The 1" x 6", which was installed next, is needed to hold the curtain track. Then I nailed a 10" wide piece of 1/4" PV Utility Board to the face as indi-



cated. With the valance up, the window looks much wider — and with the drapes pulled, it is especially gay and dramatic at night.



Final touches include facing the old flush drawers and adding doors under the sink. To do this, make a frame of 1" x 2" and cover both sides with 1/4" Utility Board. Where ventilation is desirable, use a perforated panel, such as PV Aero Board. With two coats of paint the remodeling job was finished.

Your own kitchen probably differs from ours, but regardless of design you can remodel it best with PV Hardboards. These 4' x 8' all-wood panels are easily worked, and have a hard, wear-resisting surface which presents an ideal painting base.

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toast sure does smell good," I said.

"I'm sorry I haven't got more than just toast for your breakfast," he said. "But the fact is that I forgot to get any bacon yesterday."

"That's okay," I said.

He got up and started to make some toast on the hotplate but I went over and took the bread from him. "I'll do that," I said. "You drink your tea."

He went and sat down again and took a sip of his tea; then he looked out of the window. "You've got a nice day for your trip back," he said.

"Yeah," I said. "It should be okay."

I turned the piece of bread over on the wire mesh on top of the electric plate. "What time do you have to leave for work?" I said.

"I usually leave about fifteen to eight," he said. "It takes me about fifteen minutes to walk." He drank the rest of his tea and washed the cup out and then came back and dried it on the dish towel and put it back in the cupboard. "Don't bother with those dishes before you go, Pat," he said. "I'll clean them up when I come home."

"I can do them," I said. I took the toast over to the table and put some butter on it and then poured some tea into a cup. "It won't hurt me to do a few dishes," I said.

"Well, I guess I'd better go," he said. He walked over and opened the door and stood there a minute with his hand on the doorknob. "I guess you'll come in again sometime when you get a chance," he said. "I don't mean right away, but . . ."

"Sure, I'll be in again, Clifford," I said.

He was still standing there with his hand on the doorknob as though he wanted to say something but didn't know just how to say it. "Well, anyway," he said, "watch yourself on the highway. And give my best to Abbottsford when you get back. So long!"

"So long, Clifford," I said. "And thanks for everything."

He closed the door and I could hear him going down the stairs; then I got up and went to the window and watched him go out through the gate and start along the street. He was walking very fast and he had his head down; he didn't look back.

I WENT back to the table and ate the rest of my toast and drank the tea and then I went back to the window. The bright morning sunlight sparkled and shimmered over the harbor and the windows in the buildings on the distant north shore. I kept thinking about Clifford and when he would come home again that night and there would be no one in the room and he would sit down all alone and eat his supper and then wash the plate and the cup and put them back in the cupboard and then maybe go for a walk or else do some of his studying until it was time to go to bed.

I went over to the cupboard and took down the bowl I had seen him taking money from and looked inside. There were some receipts for his room rent every week, each one made out for five dollars and signed by the landlady; and there was one quarter, a nickel, and two pennies. I put the bowl back and sat down on the edge of the bed again. I kept remembering the way he had watched me when I was eating in the café and the way he had put the two-dollar bill on the counter so casually and the chocolate-cream pastries he had bought me on the way home; for a minute I thought I was going to bawl.

After a while I got up and went downstairs and asked the landlady if I could use her phone to call home and

told her I would see that she got paid in a few days. Then I called the long distance operator and asked for Abbottsford 723 and waited until the buzzing and clicking stopped and I heard the receiver being lifted on the other end fifty-some miles away. "Hello?"

"Hello," I said. "Jeannie? This is Pat."

"Patrick Barton!" she said. "Where are you?"

"I'm in Vancouver," I said. "Where did you think I was: Siberia?"

"You don't need to think you're being smart," she said. "You're going to get into plenty of trouble when Father sees you! You'd better get right back here this very minute!"

"I'll just go outside and get in my jet," I said. "I should be there by the time you get out to the back porch." That's the only way I can hold my own with Jeannie.

"I'm not fooling, either," she said.

"Neither am I," I said. "Is Father there?"

"No," she said. "He's gone down to open the store. He's been absolutely sick worrying about you!"

"Well, tell him I'm staying here!" I said. "Did you get that? I'm staying here with Clifford!"

"You're what?" she said.

"I'm staying here," I said. "I'm going to get a job here in the city. Don't you understand English?"

"Now look, Mister Man," she said. "Just because Clifford gets too big for his boots is no reason for you to think you can just do what you want! Don't either of you ever think of Father . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" I said. "This call is costing money. Are you going to tell him or not?"

"Of course I'm going to tell him," she said. "And he is going to be as mad as . . ."

"Then he'll just have to be mad!" I said, and hung up.

I went back upstairs and washed the dishes and put them away in the cupboard; then I looked in the want ads in the paper and I saw an ad for a delivery boy so I went downstairs and phoned the number and the man took my name and told me to come Monday morning and I would have first call for the job. Then I got my bike out of the basement and went for a ride down by the docks.

About four o'clock I came back and put the bike away and went down to the shopping district. I still had sixty-five cents I'd been going to use for hamburgers and stuff on the way home, so I bought some butter and some tomatoes and some jam tarts and took them all back to the room. Then I cut some salmon steaks and fried them in butter and put them on a plate and slid it under the hot plate; and after I'd done that I cut up some of the tomatoes and put the kettle on and then set the table.

I kept going over to the window and watching for Clifford; and then all at once I saw him coming down the street. He had a newspaper in one hand and he was walking more slowly than usual and he still had his head down. I waited until I saw him turn in at the gate and then I put everything on the table and poured some boiling water in the teapot and put the lid on it and then I sat down and waited for the sound of his footsteps on the stairs. ★

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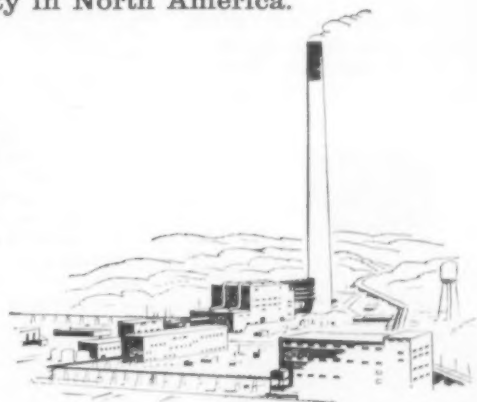
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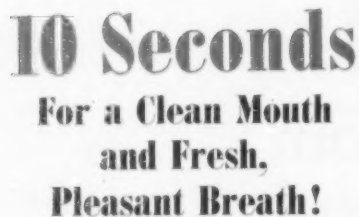


This latest major result of Inco's process research is one of a series of planned, long-range developments by which its ore treatment processes are being revolutionized. It is a further step toward one of Inco's primary objectives—the maximum utilization of its ores.

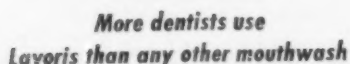


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

On work mornings Jacques rolls out of bed before dawn and breakfasts on a cup of coffee and some bread. On his way to the subway, he always stops in a café for another coffee. This time it's a *café arrosé*—coffee laced with a generous splash of Calvados, the potent applejack distilled in Normandy. This, he says, is "to warm the stomach." A half-hour later, after a long subway ride, Jacques reaches the work site on the other side of Paris. He doesn't start work immediately, though. There's still time

TIME FOR A CHANGE ?

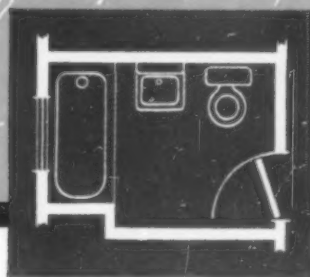
Here is a typical bathroom layout in moderate-cost homes today. But how this one suffers from outmoded fixtures! Note the difference when a smart new decorative scheme is combined with modern Crane fixtures placed exactly where the old ones stood: Champion Bathtub, Yorkshire Wash Basin and Neu-Beaver Toilet.



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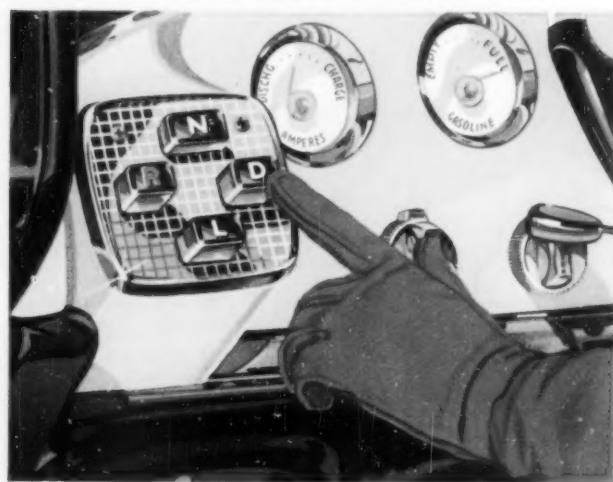
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The children were flushed. "Just more liqueur than usual," said the mother

of *vin ordinaire*, the cheapest beverage sold. At the corner grocery store his wife buys a quart of wine for the equivalent of twenty cents—only six cents more than her bottle of milk. A thirsty Frenchman rarely has any trouble finding a bar close at hand. There are 455,000 cafés in all, or one for every thirty-four adult males—the highest ratio in the world. And despite the crowded appearance of the field, the café operator who goes broke is a rarity.

But cheapness and availability of spirits offer only a partial explanation for France's soaring consumption. Back of these economic factors lies a deeply entrenched popular belief: that alcohol, wine in particular, has a definite food value and gives as much quick energy as sugar. This conviction largely accounts for French families spending ten percent of their income on drink. It is also responsible for the early planting of the alcohol habit—at the cradle itself in many rural areas, according to medical reports.

One social worker, stopping off at a farm in the Vendée region, noticed that the children, babies of two and four, were acting peculiarly. Flushed and bright-eyed, they were running about and shouting excitedly. When asked why, the mother calmly replied, "Oh nothing—they've just drunk a little more *triple-sec* than usual." *Triple-sec* is a liqueur with fifty-percent alcoholic content.

Good business—so who cares?

In Normandy, where the apple replaces the grape, many children from eighteen months on drink as much six-percent hard cider as they want. In other regions, children from three years old on drink undiluted wine with their food. Often their school lunches are washed down with half a bottle brought from home.

Most peasants have an unshakable confidence in the wholesomeness of whatever comes from their soil. "A natural product can't possibly do any harm," runs the oft-heard saying. This conviction leads to some incredible tipping levels by adults. Agricultural workers in Normandy insist on—and get—four to five quarts of hard cider, plus a pint of fiery *goutte*, as a supplement to their daily wages. The owner of a quarry in central France reported that the average stonecutter downs six bottles of coarse red wine on the job daily.

These habits and beliefs are rooted deep. A campaign of persuasion and education alone is not enough to dislodge them. The antialcoholism reformers are well aware of it. What is most needed, they say, is vigorous governmental action to restrain excessive drinking. At first glance, such official support would not seem so difficult to find. Every deputy in the National Assembly is "against" alcoholism—for the public record. But when it comes to using their legislative power, a sudden paralysis usually sets in. The reason is simple: alcohol, in all its forms, occupies a dominating position in the French economy.

One Frenchman in seven is engaged in either growing, bottling, distributing, advertising, selling or serving liquor. As the country's biggest industry, it grosses two billion dollars annually. Some deputies are more or less open lobbyists for liquor interests. Others publicly deplore the spread of alcoholism but dutifully cast their votes

against any measure attacking perhaps the taproot of the problem: overproduction.

Significantly, almost every measure taken to date against overdrinking has not been an act of the legislature at all. They have come in the form of executive decree laws issued by a premier under a special grant of power from the parliament. More than once they have contributed heavily to the premier's later fall from power. This was the case most recently of France's most dynamic postwar political figure, Pierre Mendès-France.

In 1954, shortly after coming into office, Mendès-France launched the boldest frontal attack so far against alcoholism. He decreed a series of laws aimed at reducing both production and consumption of spirits. Not many months later, he was ousted from office by a vote of no confidence, ostensibly on his North African policy. It was common knowledge, however, that his determined stand on a domestic issue—alcoholism—had earned him the enmity of an important bloc of deputies. Had it not been for this, many of them might have sided with Mendès-France on a foreign policy showdown.

Experts on the alcoholism problem agree unanimously that little progress will be made until alcohol production is reorganized. This is particularly true of wine, which accounts for almost seventy percent of French consumption. Far too much is being produced—too much for Frenchmen to drink, too much for the export market to absorb. Although less land is planted to vines today than fifty years ago, yields have shot up owing to improved strains.

What is needed, economists say, is a fifteen-percent cutback in present acreage. A five-year program set up in 1953 to reduce acreage does not really come to grips with the problem. By 1958 (the terminal date) the government will still have to buy up estimated yearly surpluses of twenty million gallons of wine. And when a surplus exists there is always political pressure to unload it at low prices—to the detriment of French health.

To make the changeover from grapes to other crops like cereals will not be easy. An extensive irrigation program must be pushed at the same time. This is especially true for the arid Midi region between Marseilles and the Pyrenees, where little else but low-quality, abundant wine can be produced today.

The regions that turn out France's world-famous fine wines such as Bordeaux, Burgundy, Champagne stand outside the problem. These quality wines, comprising only about ten to fifteen percent of the national total, are always able to find a market, and they do bring in considerable foreign exchange. Furthermore, because of their higher price, they do not figure prominently in the domestic alcoholism picture.

But wine growers are not the only ones flooding the country with an overabundance of alcohol. There is the powerful bloc of sugar-beet farmers in the north, too. Thanks to subsidies wrung from the Assembly, many of these farmers find it more advantageous to grow beets for alcohol than for sugar.

There is still another notable factor: alcohol from apples. The provinces of Normandy and Brittany form the citadel of a vociferous bloc of Frenchmen, mostly dairy farmers by occupation, known as the *bouilleurs de cru*—

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"the boilers of raw stuff." Their speciality, as many soldiers who fought through Normandy in World War II will remember, is a head-splitting applejack called Calvados. The hardest drinkers in a hard-drinking country, the *bouilleurs* can probably lay claim to another distinction: the world's most open and prolific bootleggers. Half the alcohol they pour out yearly is illegal.

The *bouilleurs de cru* boast impressive letters patent going back to 1808 and Napoleon I. The Little Corporal recruited most of his big Guards from the northwestern regions of France. As a mark of appreciation, he relieved the peasants of paying excise taxes on a certain amount of alcohol distilled for family drinking from the family apples. Thus was born the so-called *franchise*, a privilege jealously guarded down through the years. Because it is completely uncontrolled today, it plays a particularly insidious role in France's alcoholism problem.

Numbering just under a million at the turn of the century, the *bouilleurs* have increased spectacularly in the past fifty years to their present strength of three and a half million. Each is entitled, by taking out an inexpensive license granted by local authorities, to distill ten tax-free quarts of pure alcohol yearly. Since applejack is usually drunk at fifty-percent alcohol strength, this ten-quart allowance actually stretches to twenty quarts of drink per *bouilleur* a year.

For a hard-drinking Norman, used to downing his daily quart of Calvados, twenty quarts is only a three-week supply. So, for his own private use, the *bouilleur* feels he should get a much bigger tax-free allowance. Under the present setup, he just takes it.

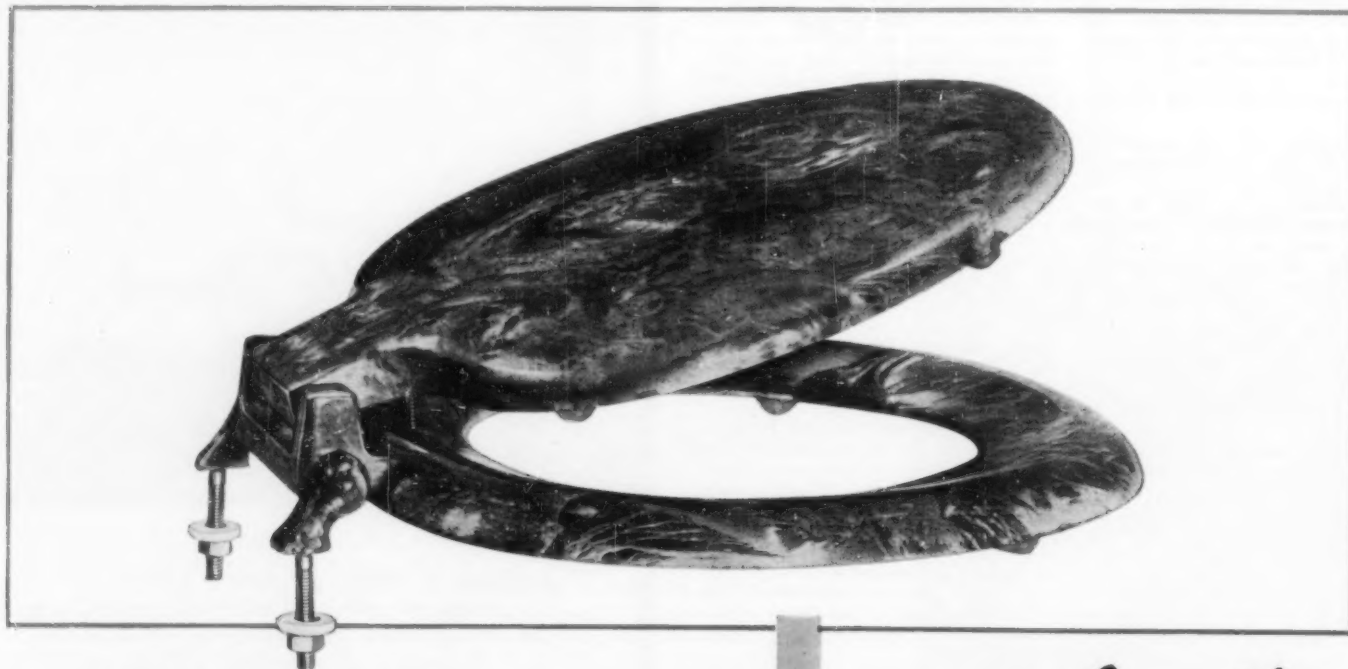
Distilling is done right at each farm. Either the farmer has his own still or else he hires one of the thousands of

itinerant distillers. The heavily outnumbered revenue agents are helpless to oversee the quantities of applejack thus cooked up. Constantly watched by farmers, the agents only rarely stage a raid. In the first place, it's almost always unsuccessful—their movements have been noted and the alarm given. Secondly, municipal authorities work hand-in-glove with their electors, the *bouilleurs*; often the mayor himself is a *bouilleur* and getting moral support from the National Assembly deputy for the region. Against this combination the revenue men can do little, especially with the limited powers granted them by the central administration in Paris.

Several years ago, some revenue agents in Normandy confiscated a still after catching its owner in the act of "boiling up" an enormous batch of bootleg alcohol. The mayor of the nearby village acted promptly and called a protest meeting of all the *bouilleurs* in the region. Brandishing pitchforks, the demonstrators forcibly took possession of the still again.

What the *bouilleur* can't drink himself he sells to black marketeers who peddle the alcohol throughout the country. An estimated twelve million gallons of bootleg alcohol are turned out yearly.

When—and if—the assembly will crack down on the *bouilleurs* is an open question. In November 1954, Mendès-France issued his decree law limiting the *bouilleur* privilege somewhat. He left the application date up to the deputies' decision. More than a year later, and after fourteen wasteful sessions devoted to this question, the Assembly finally voted that the measure would not take effect until September 1956. And when that fateful date rolls around many politicians are dead certain there will be still another postponement. ★



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Watch out, girls, I'm dangerous!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

"but you certainly paid an awful lot of attention to that pretty waitress. About every five minutes you kept asking her to fetch you another glass of water."

"Do you realize," I countered, "that I'd played four tough sets of tennis that afternoon? A man raises a thirst, you know."

"And that was a mighty big tip you gave her when we were through," he went on.

At this I produced a pencil and paper and did some figuring. "This is what our check came to, and this is what I gave her," I pointed out, "the minimum acceptable percentage in this day and age. Anything less and she'd have probably gone out to the parking lot and let all the air out of my tires while I was paying the cashier."

"You were interested in the cashier too, weren't you?" he asked. "You thought she was pretty, didn't you?"

"On what do you base that deduction?" I enquired.

"You said good evening to her."

"I did indeed," I confessed, "after she first said good evening to me. I also, you may recall, said good evening to the clerk in the cigar store—the fellow who could step right in and play Boris Karloff roles without make-up."

"How about the time you flirted with Miss Higgins, my English teacher?" demanded John.

"Flirted with Miss Higgins?" I asked, bemused. "Would you kindly elaborate?"

"The other afternoon when we were riding in the car you picked her up."

"Correct," I said. "You pointed her out to me just as a sudden cloudburst descended, and I offered her a ride and took her home. If that's your definition of flirting I'd suggest that you make more use of your dictionary—and I suspect she'd suggest it too."

"I'll bet you wouldn't have picked up a man under the same circumstances."

"Yes?" I countered. "Only yesterday I gave Mr. Walker a ride home from the station when it started to snow."

"That reminds me," said John, with a singleness of purpose that I could only admire. "Last Saturday Mrs. Walker came to our house for a party. Remember?"

"Clearly," I said. "Mr. Walker came too, and he won \$6.35 from me at poker."

"When they got to our house, and Mrs. Walker stepped out of the car," he enquired, "did you have to put both arms around her?"

"No," I confessed, "I did not. When the heel of her left slipper suddenly came off I could have just stood there and let her fall into a puddle. Any more questions?"

"No," he said, "I guess you're—well—harmless."

"I guess I am," I said.

And it's a good thing I didn't tell him about the time I let that pretty blonde sit right smack in my lap when our bus came to a sudden stop the other day. It would have started the whole discussion all over again. ★

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CD-385

Bruce Hutchison rediscovers Northern Ontario

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

I didn't tell him, for I was considering a discovery of my own—an obvious discovery, to be sure, well known to the natives but new and rather staggering to the stranger.

This land of shaven stone and stunted trees was called Ontario, but in true distance from the Ontario I knew it might as well have been within the Arctic Circle. I was beginning to realize that the north was a separate province in everything but political arrangements, its people a separate breed, its life turned forever northward and bounded on the south by the appalling Precambrian dike.

Yesterday I had walked the streets of Toronto and, the day before that, the orchards of Niagara. Now I seemed to have landed on another continent. Anyway, it was no longer Ontario, whatever the map might say. It was not the real north either. Most of Canada's land mass lay beyond Cobalt. Nevertheless, I had crossed one of the sharp internal boundaries and spirit lines of the nation, of which division the two men in the restaurant were tiny markers and mileposts.

It was evening when my wife and I escaped from Cobalt and headed north, into the empire of the Shield that covers more than half of the nation with rock, tree and water and with hidden wealth beyond man's imagining.

The road was straight, smooth and lonely. It bore no mark of man's passage in an hour's fast travel, save countless corpses of porcupines crushed by speeding wheels.

A yard from the pavement the Shield, oldest solid substance on our planet, and mother of all things, rolled in mammary swelling to a hard horizon under a dome of gun metal. The northern twilight, like the rock beneath it, was flecked with precious mineral. Gold dust danced in the long sunset and the air carried the distilled Canadian smell of wild rose, pungent spruce, balm of Gilead and damp muskeg—a smell sweet with boyhood memory and a man's vain regrets.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by a thundering frog chorus, daylight died grudgingly with a last scarlet tear and to the northward the lights of Kirkland Lake glowed like a false dawn.

As we neared the town we could make out a red Neon cross thrust bravely against the black rim of the world, then the ghostly mine towers and smokestacks swimming in moonlight.

It was nearly twelve o'clock before we reached the gaudy main street of Kirkland Lake, but on a Saturday night no one, apparently, had yet thought of going to bed. I could hardly find a place to park my car. Every restaurant was crammed. Store windows blazed with displays of refrigerators, washing machines, electrical gadgets of every sort, new automobiles, women's lingerie, evening gowns and all the essentials of civilization, more than a hundred miles from nowhere.

The townspeople saw nothing strange in this spectacle. They were making a night of it in their own fashion. To a stranger bursting out of the darkness the town looked as unreal as a flimsy

stage set erected half an hour ago to be dismantled and carted away at day-break. Of course, it wasn't really a town at all, for all its solid business buildings, modern homes and shiny new cars; it was a miners' camp.

After enquiring in vain at three hotels, we finally obtained a room of sorts for which the proprietor, a desperate but kindly man, apologized. A convention of the Diamond Drillers Association, or some such festive company, had taken over the town and would be drilling enthusiastically until morning at least.

It was impossible to sleep in a stifling cubicle amid the glass-clinking sounds of the drillers' night shift, so we went for a walk. No one else was walking. Kirkland Lake seems to travel exclusively on wheels and boasts the ownership of more cars per head than any place in America. Yet a block from the glaring main street we found ourselves on the lip of wilderness and limbo.

The northern slope and cold shoulder of the earth slid downward to the Pole in a hush punctuated by the tick of man's machines here and there. in

Lull... before the great gale

No chipmunks ran the roof that night;
No hound gave cry; no owl was out;
The cabin creaks were thin and slight,
A furtiveness closed all about;
The spruces seemed to stand more tall
Than they had ever stood before;
No crooked twig nor branch let fall
A breathing sigh.

Down on the shore,
Three waves spoke faintly to the sand
Of what was rumored in the sky,
And we, awake... could understand
What might be coming by and by.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

darkness pierced by his few pale winks of light. He can bore a few miles of tunnel into the body of the Shield, smelt some specks of its ore. His camps—called towns or even cities—leave hardly a scratch on a surface little changed since it rose from the steaming liquid of creation.

The houses of Kirkland Lake clutch the naked rock faces. The rough floor of the Shield erupts in the back yards. Sidewalks reel six feet above the road in places and the road is level with the next row of roofs. Some thrifty householders have managed to grow a tree or two, a bed of flowers or a patch of lettuce in a square yard of soil. The rich have made spacious gardens. But this remains physically and spiritually a camp.

It was two o'clock on Sunday morning when we shouldered our way through the crowded doors of a restaurant. Naturally, another Chinese philosopher, the universal Canadian, the same man wearing slightly different masks from St. John's to Victoria, presided over this establishment. A second universal Canadian was present also—the miner who has followed the rainbow all his life and found no pot of gold. At the moment he was a little drunk and meditating a duel of honor.

The cause of his feud evidently went back a long way and was no business of ours. We turned discreetly to an evil mess of bacon and eggs, while the miner, his battered old face twisting

"The houses of Kirkland Lake clutch rock. The Shield erupts in the yards"

in rage, informed a tipsy youth that he would meet him outside, at leisure, and destroy him with bare hands. The youth tottered to the door. The miner forgot the quarrel and undertook to educate me in the history of the north.

I was in luck. I had stumbled on a rich ore body. For the next hour that man drilled me with a gimlet eye while he told his private odyssey.

Yes, he'd known them all in his time. He remembered Harry Oakes and W. H. Wright, who staked Wright-Hargreaves and Lake Shore, filled Kirkland Lake with rock and sludge, built a town on this foundation and began the Golden Mile of seven mines.

"A lot of good it did Harry," the miner said. "They murdered him somewhere down in the West Indies. He should of stayed up here where he belonged. And Wright, he bought a newspaper and race horses. Too bad."

He even remembered, or said he did, the fabled Fred La Rose, a blacksmith whose mine was the first producer in Cobalt and the start of the great rush.

"Why," he affirmed, wagging a bony fist under my nose, "when I first come in—I was only a kid then—they was hand-cobbing the stuff, just breakin' it up with a hammer and shippin' it in gunny sacks, it was that rich."

His eyes were glazed with drink and recollection. "The Porcupine!" he croaked. "There was a fella from Klondike, name of D'Aigle, only knew placer, you see, and drilled up there and never saw what he had and went away, and Benny Hollinger and some other fellas come along and flipped a coin for the claims—and that was the Hollinger. Can you beat it? Then a fella by the name of Preston fell down a rock and landed on a vein—that was the Dome."

So the great names, the facts and the fables of the Shield drifted through his talk, together with items from his own adventures, the hopeful strike, the promise of opulence, the disappointment, the endless trek from mine to mine. Others had struck it rich and he had ended where I found him, in a dingy Chinese restaurant.

I repeated the question I had asked in Cobalt—Why not leave the north?—and got the same answer. "Once you're in," he said, "you can't get out. And who wants to? Sure, the big boys in Toronto get all the gravy. They don't even come up here to see us work. Not them. Might get their shoes muddy. But they miss all the fun down there. What do them pansies know about minin'?"

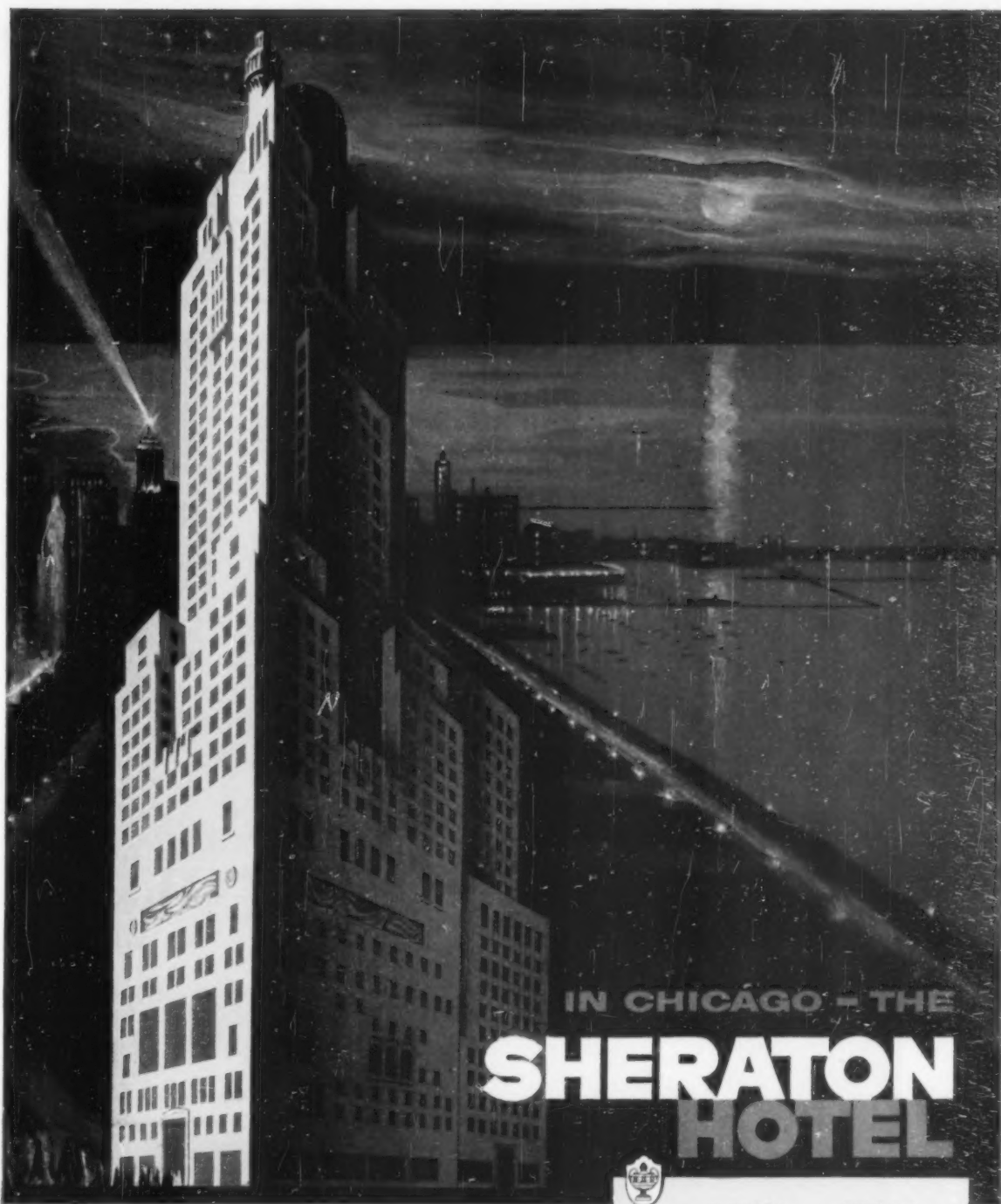
He permitted himself a bitter little laugh and stretched his hands across the table for me to see the calloused palms and crushed fingers.

"That," he said, "is minin'—fifty-three years of minin'. But, hell, it's okay. This country's only beginnin'. They haven't even scratched her yet."

It was after three o'clock and revelers still surged through the restaurant. They were of every breed, look and language. Though they spoke in English, French, German, Polish and tongues beyond recognition, all of them bore the unmistakable mark of the north; not physically, of course, but in the texture and slant of the spirit.

An assortment of diverse breeds had merged here in the single, unvarying breed of the miner. These men, and their women too—the chunky laughing women who followed their mates wherever the trail happened to lead—might seem to settle down in a town like Kirkland Lake but they were not settlers. They were rovers, spending their money as fast as it came in, on cars, on trips, on a good time, and then moving on to the next camp.

Their talk, or as much of it as I could



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understand, was of neighborly affairs, of baseball, movies, fishing and the minutiae of a small town anywhere. Yet it was not the talk you would hear south of the Shield. Through it ran the family news of the universal miner—the price of gold, silver, lead and copper, rumors of a new strike to the north, tales of sudden wealth in the uranium fields, and shrewd detailed discussion of the big mining companies' annual reports.

They were assembled here as lonely men always assemble, as the Indians squatted around a campfire, to escape

the loneliness and the dark. They had come to find some light, some company and perhaps some drink after the labors that mainly enrich other men, far away in the board rooms and the clubs of the city.

By the irony of all things, the working people, as the old miner had said, seem to have more fun than the owners of the stock certificates.

The crowd in the restaurant thinned out at last, leaving only a party of somewhat hungover businessmen after a night of poker. They did not appear altogether happy about Kirkland Lake.

It was standing still, they said, while other towns went ahead. It had never quite recovered from the miners' strike a few years ago, a scar still unhealed. New industries were needed to employ the young, for the miners' sons seldom followed their fathers into the mines but drifted to the factories of Toronto. Who could blame them?

The businessmen were trying to turn a camp into a town and that, I suppose, is the basic problem of most camps throughout the north. It will be solved in time, but the miner will never be anything but a miner, even when he

becomes a townsman. And the north, I suspect, will never be quite merged with the south. Rock and soil won't mix.

The Chinese proprietor had retired by now and a handsome dark woman, obviously with some Indian blood, and speaking in a strong French accent, had replaced him at the cash register. She told me her people were French Canadian on her father's side, and she had just returned from a visit to the old family home in Montreal.

I asked her how she liked the east. She said it was all right, though she hadn't drawn a happy breath till she got back home. Kirkland Lake wasn't much of a town, she guessed, but she liked it. The only trouble was the new immigrants. They cut wages and spoiled the business of the country. The north should be kept for Canadians. Many of her people had moved out from Quebec and more would come, if the immigrants didn't get all the jobs first.

It was light again when we reached the street. The towers of the surrounding mines stood up stark and hideous against the pink dawn, their machines still clanking and grinding on the Sabbath. The main street, after the night's glitter, was silent and deserted. The town had shrunk to a few yards of pavement, a huddle of buildings, a tiny smudge on the bosom of the Shield.

Who lives next door?

That horseshoe of rock, stretching from Newfoundland to the Arctic, was not what I had expected after seeing it only from airplanes and trains. I had pictured an unbroken and uniform sweep of badland, Christmas trees and glassy puddles. In daylight I found it varying from mile to mile as the rock surged up into little mountains, sank into swamp and muskeg, parted to hold big lakes or circular inkwells, disappeared under a fur of black spruce and opened now and then into lush meadows for man's plow.

The fertile belt of clay, the fat fields, big barns and sleek cattle around the dairy town of Earleton, about two hundred miles within the Shield, look almost unbelievable after the sterile rock north and south of it.

A young French-Canadian farmer said most of the people hereabouts came from Quebec and were doing fine. The ancient civilization of the St. Lawrence had leapfrogged across the stone dike and, after a ruinous forest fire thirty years ago, had prospered in this remote pocket of agriculture. Plenty more land could be cleared, this man said; life was good and everybody friendly, also bilingual.

He had just returned from his first visit to Montreal and took a poor view of it. Things moved too fast down there and "nobody knows who lives next door." His people had belonged to the great eastern river for three centuries. Now they belonged to the Shield.

All French Canadians are not so fortunate or so competent as the farmers of Earleton. Farther south a forlorn and soiled figure thumbed a ride and climbed into the back seat. He could speak no English, but eagerly consumed the remains of yesterday's picnic.

As I had a few words of French and my wife, with none, can somehow understand it, we struck up a wild disjointed conversation and learned the tragedy of our passenger.

He had hitchhiked from Quebec City on his way to a prosperous uncle in St. Boniface, had been robbed of his valise and money at Timmins, had slept on the roadside without food for two days and had lost his courage. Now he was beating his way home, with a broken



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heart. For once, the westward march of the French Canadian had ended in retreat.

Disaster could not suppress his kind for long. Enlivened by coffee and sandwiches, he entertained us with French songs and jolly imitations of Maurice Chevalier until we parted with mutual regret at North Bay.

Like other railway travelers, I remembered North Bay as only a station and a brief flash of lights. In daylight it turned out to be a substantial little city, ringed by a charming array of tourist camps on the shore of Lake Nipissing. The week-ends of Toronto have come a long way north.

The French Canadians, however, are not coming into this country for the week end. They are here to stay. Sturgeon Falls, a town built by the electrical power of the raging Sturgeon River, prints its street signs in English and French. I heard little English among its people.

To the west a cunning combination of metal, timber and waterpower is building a series of industrial centres in the most unlikely places. Probably nature never intended man to live here but, around Sudbury, he has improved on her work of desolation. The fumes of his acids have killed every blade of vegetation, stripped the rock of its thin integument and produced a fair replica of hell or Hiroshima.

One might be traveling, for several miles along the highway, on the surface of some dead planet. Sudbury crouches around the belching Moloch of its smelter. It rears mountains of slag. It builds a city in a vacuum of aching stone and looks from the distance like a casual outcrop of grey ore.

Man, most adaptable of creatures, can get used to anything, even Sudbury on a summer day, when heat gushed out of the stone oven at a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. A French Canadian, who came here to work in the smelter and now owns a fleet of taxis, assured me that Sudbury was the best place in Canada.

"We've got everything," he said. "Baseball in summer, hockey in winter and something doing all the time. A guy can make money here. Why, I wouldn't take the whole of Quebec for Sudbury. Only trouble is, the immigrants stealin' too many jobs away from us. But this town's only beginnin'. They're findin' more mines all over the country and that means more dough for everybody. Go back to Quebec? Don't make me laugh!"

We staggered into a dingy shop for a bottle of cold pop and found behind the counter the stately caricature of Colonel Blimp, speaking in the colonel's accent. I suspected that this English gentleman might be oppressed by the mixed population of Sudbury, so I asked him obliquely if there were many foreigners in town. He bridled at my question.

"What do you mean, foreigners? This, sir, is an international city. No people are foreigners here."

After this proper reprimand I enquired if he liked Sudbury. He launched at once into a lecture, well rehearsed and often repeated, to advise me that Sudbury produced ninety-five percent of the world's nickel, and lay amid the largest store of minerals on earth. It was bound to become a metropolis.

This, I am sure, is all true and the nation fortunate indeed to have people who will live, work and find contentment in the heart of inferno. Full of admiration and dread, we sped west on a crowded highway at the customary local speed of some eighty miles an hour.

It was too hot to stop at Blind River, which is said to be a name as magical

today as Cobalt was half a century ago. I took the word of a proud resident that this village is surrounded by the largest uranium treasury yet discovered and will be a major Canadian city. A smiling old priest was greeting his parishioners at the steps of his church as we passed by. How long can such a pleasant rustic scene survive the prospective metropolis of Blind River?

Soon we were in a region of hill, forest, lake and river, cooled by the reliable refrigerating apparatus of Huron and perfectly designed for the camper, fisherman and painter. I began to

understand why the Group of Seven had gone gently mad in these surroundings. Their gaudy brush strokes seem extravagant only to those who have not beheld the artists' model.

It is sad to see that Americans appreciate better than most Canadians the gorgeous substance of the Shield in these parts. Tourists drive all the way from California and the southern states to some secret camp and there revel in scenery and fish, wondering, as one of them remarked, why the natives foolishly go south to the U. S. on holiday.

We were the only Canadians, I think, at dinner in Melwell Lodge, built by an imaginative young pair named Melba and Weldon Moore on a hidden lake not far from the main road. Americans had got there ahead of us and wisely pre-empted all the beds.

Moore filled us with beefsteak and trout, got busy on his telephone and found us a cabin at Northern Lodge, on Lake Huron, amid such an amphitheatre of terraced green rock, wild flowers and tufted islands as the Group of Seven never quite captured. We slept that night beside a cool beach,

"You should ask my husband about that! Get him to tell you about the time he asked me to buy some for him—and I bought the right size but the wrong brand! How was I to know he wanted Lord Calvert? But, when I got home, I soon learned! 'Listen, my dear,' he said, 'you'd better remember that when I say whisky I mean Lord Calvert . . . and no other!' Seems that Lord Calvert is somehow a little drier, a little lighter, and that, once you've tried it, you'll be content with no other brand. He certainly wasn't! So now I know. And you'd be surprised how many of our guests agree that Lord Calvert is the finest of all whiskies."



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"The Soo is something much more than a town; it is the hinge of the continent"

soothed by the cry of gulls and the flash of fireflies, and set out again at dawn for Sault Ste. Marie.

The Soo is a town, to be sure—a town prettier and better built than most, with a single main street six miles long (or so they told me, but I was too tired and hot to measure it), so that a businessman must take a taxi to visit a neighboring office. But the Soo is something much more important than a town; it is the hinge of the continent.

French voyageurs found that out long ago. Here, in June 1671, the Sieur de St. Lussion proclaimed, with musket fire and a ceremonial sod raised on his swordpoint, France's lawful claim to America entire. Though events worked out otherwise, nothing could alter the Soo's decisive place in continental geography.

Beside the canal locks that drop Lake Superior twenty-one feet into Lake Huron I encountered a tall figure in seaman's blue serge and peaked cap. His face was dark and finely cut, his mustache fierce, his eyes gentle. He might have been a descendant of those old voyageurs. And in fact he was, on the French-Canadian side of his family.

He gave me a gruff reception at first, like a captain long accustomed to the discipline of his bridge, but I suspected, from his attachment to a mongrel named Mike, that he had a softer side. When I ventured to remark that the locks appeared interesting, he rebuked my ignorance with a cold look.

"If," he said sharply, "one hydrogen bomb dropped right here, America would be paralyzed."

That is hardly an exaggeration. The largest tide of continental freight flows day and night through these locks in the holds of some two thousand lake ships.

Having registered these facts, the captain mellowed somewhat and invited me to the snug cabin of a tugboat, the command of his later years, to examine certain relics. He showed them to me in an off-hand fashion, but I could see that they were precious. Adventures incomprehensible to anyone except a lake navigator were recorded in crumpled charts, photographs of forgotten ships, newspaper reports of wrecks, collisions and fires, faded portraits of many gallant seamen drowned in some of the world's worst water.

We returned to the stone wall of the

Canadian lock, empty at the moment, and watched a steady procession of vessels stride from Lake Huron into the MacArthur lock on the American shore. They loomed up vaguely in the mist, announcing their arrival with a scream of whistle, and all of them looked alike to me. The captain knew the name, dimensions and freight capacity of every ship at a glance.

To the west, in Lake Superior, other ships awaited their turn, each a silhouette of high bridge in bow, funnel in stern and nothing between but a dark pencil line. The captain named them for me at a distance of several miles and explained the evolution of their design through nearly two centuries of experience since the days of birchbark.

These were floating machines, automatically loaded and unloaded. One of them could carry in six or seven hundred feet of hull the grain of forty thousand acres, the freight of two hundred boxcars and the material for sixty million loaves of bread. I thought them efficient and ugly. The captain rebuked me again. They were beautiful, he said.

Ghosts at the wild waters

Some fishermen dangled their lines idly in the tailrace of the St. Mary's River, but not long ago Frenchmen portaged around these wild waters and the Nor'westers dug a ditch twenty-five hundred feet long and eight feet nine inches wide to carry their canoes and bateaux. The replica of a lock on that first Soo canal, completed at a cost of "upward £4,000" in 1798, and destroyed by the Americans in the War of 1812, has been installed amid a sweep of lawn and flowers to remind Canadians of their fathers' work.

Nobody seemed to notice it that morning. And how many Canadians outside Sault Ste. Marie know that Charles T. Harvey, an imaginative salesman of household scales, started to build the first ship canal, on the American side, in 1853, at a cost of \$999,802.46, almost forty years before the Canadian canal, which cost thirty-four million?

Since it is impossible to drive along the northern shore of Superior—the so-called Trans-Canada Highway passing far to the north—we were compelled to make an American detour south



through Duluth, Minnesota. A day's drive brought us to the Canadian Lakehead and an astounding spectacle.

The grain elevators of Fort William and Port Arthur rise, lonely and stark, beside the indigo pool of Thunder Bay. Mr. C. D. Howe who, I was told, had built most of these structures, is commonly accounted only a man of business, but it seemed to me that he had qualified as one of our leading Canadian artists. His towers are our Egyptian pyramids, our Tower of London and Taj Mahal—or at any rate express exactly our grim and practical northern life.

I ventured in a previous report to name the Welland Canal as Canada's true national monument. On second thought, I recommend the Lakehead. All the labor, the silence, the loneliness and stern beauty of our land brood in these grey cylinders, rank on rank aslant the blue metal of the lake.

As at Welland, the visiting spacemen of the future will make nothing of our work, will probably ascribe these concrete sproutings to a religion that worshiped strange and brutal gods. In a way those antiquarians will be right—Canada worships the gods of commerce; the engineer is its idol; the production and movement of material things are its constant fascination. The elevators of the Lakehead contain its tribal deities.

They contain much else, unsuspected by the passerby. From the outside a terminal elevator is a motionless bin, supposedly filled with grain. Inside it is a workshop of whirling machines, conceived by Disney and operated by his Seven Dwarfs, very hot and dusty from their work.

The boxcars roll in from the prairies. A pair of mechanical hands grasps them, upends them and shakes out their grain; or if this latest unloading gadget has not yet been installed, two muscular young men, masked against the dust, wade waist-deep into the cars, with squares of board attached to cables. As the cables drag the boards out again like giant shovels, the grain comes with them. It is caught on belts, moving perhaps sixty miles an hour, and carried in a brown ribbon to the "leg," which lifts it in an endless stream of buckets to the upper stories.

There it is automatically weighed in giant tanks, poured out through movable chutes, cleaned on vibrating screens and passed under a magnet to extract any metal scraps from some farmer's combine. ("Watch out for that magnet," said the elevator boss. "Get too close and it'll pull your watch out of your pocket, and maybe your gold inlays.")

At last the clean and golden stream is pouring into the belly of a ship, oozing slowly through the many separate holds like a thick syrup. A man beside every spout flicks samples from the stream with a tin dipper, and in a tiny office nearby the final verdict on the farmer's work is quickly rendered.

The grader, a great man in the hierarchy of the elevator, spreads a handful of grain across a tray. He looks at it, rubs it between his fingers and within two minutes must say whether it is Number One Northern, or maybe fit only for cattle feed.

How does he know? He cannot explain. The color tells him something—this rich red stuff is obviously of highest grade—but his fingers tell him more and, after a moment's doubt, his experience tells him everything; not only experience but affection. He fondles the grain as a miser fondles gold.

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financial myth, and it is moving out of the lakes to the river, to the great canals, to the ports of foreign lands and the stomach of mankind. It will soon be a loaf in some London housewife's oven and served up with sticky jam for an English workman's afternoon tea, or will be eaten by unimaginable brown children, or yellow, in the forgotten byways and lost villages of the world.

The gaping decks were battened down. The captain climbed aboard, telling me that his was a dull trade and he wished to God he'd become a

dentist or an insurance salesman in a snug house ashore. With a farewell toot the long black ship, low in the water and pregnant with her living freight of seed, slid out into the lake.

The distinguished townsman of Fort William who had me in tow boasted that the suction pump of the Lakehead handled more grain than any port on earth. He showed me the paper mills, the torrent of iron ore paralleling the torrent of grain, and a dozen other industries that make Fort William and Port Arthur two of the busiest towns in Canada and the home of forty racial

stocks. ("In our champion hockey teams," my guide said, "half the names are always foreign.")

This place has come a long way since those roving rascals, Groseilliers and Radisson, first sighted Thunder Bay, since Du Lhut started trading furs here, the Nor'westers founded their Fort William and Lord Selkirk captured it by force of arms for the Hudson's Bay Co.

Alas, the soil of all that rousing history is buried under the railway tracks, but Fort William takes its past seriously, maintains a fine museum of

antiquities and worships its legends—especially the legendary Indian maiden, Green Mantle, who led her captors over Kakabeka Falls and died with them rather than betray her tribe.

Both cities on the bay are grossly underestimated by railway passengers. I had often seen them from the train windows and remembered only a few rusty warehouses and the concrete towers. On a summer's day Fort William and Port Arthur are two of Canada's most agreeable towns, engulfed in foliage and blossom. (All flowers wear a deeper hue here than elsewhere, thanks to the invigorating climate, the natives claim. The character of the natives is affected in the same way.)

Business streets in both towns are modern, expensively built and crowded, the homes comfortable, the tourist resorts luxurious. There cannot be a nobler view in Canada than the blue lake, the elevators, the ships in ceaseless shuttle and the square shoulders of Mount McKay, as seen from the hill behind Port Arthur.

An obvious question must plague every visitor. Why two separate towns, organically one, divided by an imaginary municipal line? The natives spoke obliquely of this division and hurried on to something else, as a man may hint at things unseen and not intended for human sight.

The secret rivalry of the tribes has been handed down, but never told to aliens, since Port Arthur seized one of Van Horne's trains, in some tawdry tax dispute, and that ferocious empire builder moved his terminal point to Fort William. And it is only fifty-two years since Fort William's embattled citizenry assembled with shovels, axes and crowbars to prevent a junction of their street railway with Port Arthur's.

"We don't belong to Ontario"

Rudyard Kipling, pausing here for an hour or two, recorded that the Twin Cities "hate each other with the pure, poisonous, passionate hatred which makes towns grow. If Providence wiped out one of them the survivor would pine away and die—a matchless hate-bird."

Kipling recklessly prophesied their eventual union but of that there is no sign yet. They live in a kind of polite co-existence which, I gathered, could not be called peace but is not war. I did not enquire too deeply. One does not ask about the mysteries of the tribal gods, brooding in their concrete temples.

Both cities, so long as I didn't confuse them in conversation, received me with a warm western hospitality, and much strong drink. I say western for, as one of Fort William's scholars informed me, "We don't belong at all to Ontario, you know. We're part of the west, thank God! And some day, mark my words, we'll be a separate province."

He pointed to a map on his wall and put his finger on White River. "There or thereabouts," he said, "the line will be drawn between Ontario and our province. The Soo and Sudbury? Oh, they're Ontario, strictly eastern. Our faces are turned west. That's where the grain comes from."

Various other geopoliticians analyzed the economic ties binding the Twin Cities to the prairie and emphasized the purely western character of their people. No proof was needed. The natives of southern Ontario and the natives of Thunder Bay are as unlike as Canadians can be—a settled society and a restless band of pioneers.

As a westerner I am prejudiced in this old folk argument. I like a breed of western men who casually build an



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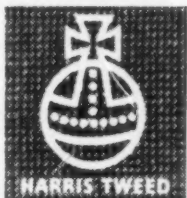


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industrial complex a thousand miles from anywhere, blast mountains, toss the grain of the prairies into the conveyor belt of the lakes, prepare to make a province of their own, throw up concrete wigwams and endow them with spirits, while moose and bear wander into town.

"You've got us all wrong," said a geopolitician, "if you think we're just a port and manufacturing centre. Look."

He traced on his map a line from London to Lindsay and south to Niagara and Windsor. "All that area," he said, "has less fertile land than we have right around here. This is going to be one of the richest farm sections in Canada. Go and see it for yourself."

It was hard to leave such a lively folk, but we had a long journey ahead of us. So, with proper obeisance to the tribal shrines, we drove west and, as my informant had promised, found a lush oasis of agriculture planted within the stone desert of the Shield. We also found, among his abundant acres, a swarthy young giant named Walter Drazeky who, without knowing it, is doing an important job for Canada. He regarded me with skepticism at first but gradually softened.

His father, a Pole, had come here early in the century, worked for twenty-five years to make a stake, and bought a run-down bush farm. Slowly, with infinite toil, he had cleared two hundred acres, now waving in hay and grain.

The younger Drazeky was still clearing land at the rate of ten acres a year, and evidently prospering. His parents lived in a big square house, surrounded by flowers, and he had built a modern bungalow for himself close by.

The father was absent that day but the mother—a woman bearing the lean peasant look and the solemn dignity of the earth—greeted me shyly from her kitchen. The son said she was the business brain of the farm and knew down to the last pint the cost of producing the milk from the herd of dairy cows in the barnyard.

We inspected the massive barn, the array of costly machines and two fat Clydesdales eating their heads off in a meadow. Why the horses? Because, said Drazeky, "a farm just isn't a farm without horses."

Did he ever grow tired of this labor and think of taking a job at high wages in the industries of Fort William? "Not me," he said. "I'm a farmer. The land is good and there's still miles and miles of it to clear. But I guess you're born a farmer, or you're not."

He was a clever man, well educated, a master mechanic, a scholar of husbandry. Only the high cheekbones and handsome dark face showed traces of his Polish blood. When we parted at his gate he petted his shiny Clydesdales and remarked that they had been raised right here. Then suddenly, in case I misunderstood, he added, "I was born and raised right here, too. I'm a Canadian!"

This country, I thought, raises no better Canadians than Walter Drazeky. I left him, a happy man beside his horses, a symbolic figure of western history. Though the prairies lay far ahead, I knew I was already in the west. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers

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The saga of the tug that never gave up

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

booth tables and a modern galley with a cafeteria service hatch.

Elworthy claims that no other privately owned tug on the American Pacific can match the Sudbury for size, power, versatility and range. She is excelled, he says, only by a couple of elaborate U. S. Navy salvage vessels.

In the Sudbury, Elworthy had at last

found the means to fulfill a long-cherished dream—to hunt down a rich salvage prize. In thirty years as president of ITB he had won for his company a healthy slice of B. C.'s coastal towing business and had increased profits before taxes to more than four hundred thousand dollars a year. Then, two years ago, he decided that the time was ripe to develop a deep-sea salvage sideline. When the chance came to acquire the Sudbury he reckoned she was "just the job."

He waited confidently for the moment when the Sudbury could prove

her worth. On November 1, when he received a cable from New York asking if the Sudbury was available to go to the Makedonia's aid, the tug was out on one of her rare jaunts, towing a log barge up to Prince Rupert, B.C. But Elworthy blithely cabled back, "Yes."

He offered the underwriters the choice of two contracts. Under the first, ITB would be paid a daily rate and the cost would be the same whether the job was successful or not. Alternatively, Elworthy offered to tackle the job on a "no-cure no-pay" basis. If he was successful his reward

would be decided by an arbitrator appointed by Lloyd's of London, the world-famous marine underwriters. This is standard practice in salvage cases. The arbitrator takes into account the value of the two ships involved, the risks to the tugboat men, the fuel consumed, the weather, the length of the tow and many other factors.

When the underwriters accepted the "no-cure no-pay" contract Elworthy was delighted. This informed him that the underwriters didn't think he had a chance. It was the kind of gamble he had been waiting for. He had faith in the Sudbury and the amount at stake justified the risk.

At once Elworthy ordered John McQuarrie, the coastwise skipper who happened to be then commanding the Sudbury, to put into Prince Rupert, drop his barge, take on fuel and supplies for a long voyage and be ready to hand the tug over to an officer with a deep-sea ticket. The master Elworthy selected was Harley Blagborne, a slight, soft-voiced, boyish-faced man whose hobby is collecting stamps and coins.

Behind the call for help which was to send the Sudbury churning out into the North Pacific was a story that began on October 24, 1955, in Niigata, Japan. On that day Christos Papaliolios, the master of the eight-thousand-ton Makedonia, made a difficult decision. A lean greying man in his fifties, with patrician features, dark intelligent eyes and the quizzical expression of a careworn diplomat, Papaliolios was impatient to sail to Victoria, B.C., where he had a contract to pick up lumber for the United Kingdom. Having tried in vain to find a cargo from Japan to Canada, he made up his mind to sail empty.

Anxious glances in a storm

In doing so he took a calculated risk, for winter was already sharpening the teeth of the sullen North Pacific. Furthermore the best days of his ship were over. The Makedonia, a British World War II assembly-line product, of similar class to the Canadian "Park" and American "Liberty" vessels, had not been built to last. Already she had had propeller shaft trouble, a condition that may be aggravated by sailing light.

But her owners, the sixteen-ship A. G. Pappadakis Company of Greece, wanted that Victoria cargo badly. So Captain Papaliolios cast off from Niigata in a ship that rode high out of the water. The master intended to follow a great arc along the Kuril Islands to the tip of Siberia's Kamchatka Peninsula; across the mouth of the Bering Sea to the Aleutian Islands; onward to Alaska and then down the Canadian coast to Victoria.

Halfway across the entrance to the Bering Sea the Makedonia encountered heavy weather. She was so buoyant that when she nose-dived into a trough her propeller kicked out of the water and the ship was convulsed by the racing blades. The pulsations shook the shaft loose and set up a spasmodic shuddering which soon threatened to breach the Makedonia's plates. On October 31 Papaliolios ordered the engine stopped.

Plunging as helplessly as a dead whale, rolling at such angles that her masts almost slapped the flanks of sixty-foot waves, and shipping a succession of crashing seas, the Makedonia was in great danger. The thirty-three Greeks in the crew cast many anxious glances toward the boat deck as Papaliolios engaged in an urgent exchange of radio messages with his owners' New York agents.

Petropavlovsk, in Russian territory, was the nearest port to the Makedonia,



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MAKEDONIA'S SKIPPER Papalios and wife. He speaks seven languages.

but the agents knew it was useless to seek the help of a tug there. There wasn't a tug in Japan with the range and power to do the job. So the agents hurriedly transferred their search for a tug to the other side of the Pacific. Elworthy's long-awaited opportunity had come at last and Harley Blagborne was given his assignment.

Earlier in life Blagborne sailed "foreign" and he knows the Pacific as well as his native town of Armstrong, B.C. At the time he was summoned to command the Sudbury he was on ITB's tug the Island Sovereign on a log tow. He handed the Island Sovereign to his mate, hitched a ride into Victoria on a passing fishboat, got his orders and flew to Prince Rupert. When he saw the rest of the crew, who had left home expecting nothing more dramatic than a log barge tow, he was confident of success.

His first and second mates, Roy Blake and Jimmie Talbot, both held tug skipper's tickets. His chief engineer, bespectacled sixty-year-old Walter Hitchins-Smith, was an RCN(R) lieutenant-commander who had been berthing master at Halifax during the war. The youngest member, sixteen-year-old Eddie Gait, the oiler, was a lad who had impressed all the ITB skippers with his pluck and enthusiasm. Even the cook, John Hall, happened to be the best in ITB's fleet.

Some of the crew had been on long ITB tows before, but for most of them this was the first voyage out into the middle of the Pacific. Each was given a chance to step down. But none did.

Two hours after reaching the Sudbury at Prince Rupert on November 2 Blagborne set course for Adak, a bleak U. S. Navy base in the Aleutians. Here he would refuel to maintain his maximum range. After that he would head for the Makedonia and try to earn a quarter of a million dollars or more for his boss.

The first four days were grey but calm. The Sudbury surged along at thirteen and a half knots. By Monday, November 7, she was pitching down the curve of the Aleutian archipelago. On this day radio operator Percy Pike involved his ship in a short curtain raiser to the drama ahead. Idly listening to the radios of isolated Aleutian settlements he heard that an American woman on the Sanak Islands was suffering from dangerous complications following childbirth. He relayed Sanak's call for medical help to the U. S. Coast Guard in Alaska. Then he discovered that he was the only radio operator who could hear both sides. For twenty-four hours he worked non-stop as an intermediary, relaying to the doctor descriptions of the woman's symptoms and back to Sanak the doctor's instructions for immediate treatment. Through Pike, arrangements were made for the woman to be flown off Sanak by a U. S. Navy plane to hospital in Anchorage, Alaska. Later

Pike learned that he had saved the woman's life and that out of gratitude she had named her son after him.

At the time, however, everybody else in the Sudbury was thinking only of saving the Makedonia. After refueling at Adak, the Sudbury chugged out of the lee of the Aleutians and was hit by snow-laden winds that came whistling out of the Bering Sea. Fifty-foot, sixty-foot and seventy-foot waves came reeling up out of the sleet and collapsed over her decks. Gangways were smashed to matchwood and the steel casing of a cylinder on the forward

winch was ripped from its housing.

There were moments when only the Sudbury's bridge, funnel and masts were visible above a savagely roaring foam. Yet each time the Sudbury broke surface, soused but undaunted, shook the seas clear of her sturdy decks and with the vigor of a crawl-stroking swimmer rolled steadily on.

Four times a day Blagborne called Elworthy on the radiotelephone and said, "Everything okay." In his bedroom in Victoria, or in his paneled office, Elworthy replied, "Good for you." It is one of Elworthy's boasts:

"I've slept with a telephone for thirty years." During the Makedonia operation, when calls were coming constantly from the Sudbury and from anxious underwriters in New York, Elworthy made the boast good. Having got an instant response from Elworthy at four o'clock one morning, Blagborne remarked to his mates with some awe, "He's there all the time."

The Makedonia's radio was weak, and at first communications with the Sudbury were generously relayed by U. S. Navy vessels. But by November 11 the Sudbury could hear the Make-



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CAPTAIN Harley Blagborne, skipper of a sailing ship during World War II, tracked his quarry through raging seas.



OWNER Harold Elworthy lived with a telephone day and night to receive reports from Blagborne during the rescue.

The men who helped the tug Sudbury make history



COOK John Hall, working in a pitching galley, even baked cup cakes.



MATE Roy Blake grew a beard, helped save the tug when towline broke.



ENGINEER Walter Hitchins-Smith pushed tug's engines through a crisis.

donia clearly. To his surprise Blagborne realized that she was three hundred miles nearer to Canada than she had been when she broke down. On Saturday November 12, a clear day for a change, Blagborne realized why. He sighted the Makedonia at 1.45 p.m. and his seaman's heart leaped with admiration for her master. Papaliolios had torn the tarpaulin covers from the Makedonia's hatches, rigged sails to her masts, and wrung from the wind for his huge steel hulk not only a head-on position to the waves but a precious advance toward the Sudbury of twenty-five miles a day.

Three hours later the two ships were dancing side by side, at a range of a hundred feet. If they had been carried together the Sudbury would have collapsed like a matchbox. Though the crews of both ships lined the decks there was no cheering. "We weren't in the movies," says Blagborne, "we were on business." He would have put on the Makedonia a portable radio-telephone to improve communications, but the swell made boarding her too dangerous. "We weren't being paid to take risks," says Blagborne. "We were being paid to bring the Greek home."

Second mate Jimmie Talbot slammed a fat cartridge into a kind of sawed-off bazooka. Down the two-inch barrel he shoved a rocket. Out of a hole in the underside of the barrel a fine white line, about as thick as a clothesline, ran from the tail of the rocket to a coil in a cardboard box. Talbot pointed his bazooka at the Makedonia and pressed a trigger.

The cartridge fired the rocket which described a graceful parabola over the

Makedonia's bows. The white rope, sizzling smoothly out of its coil, snaked over the water. When the rocket dropped in the sea beyond the Makedonia the rope lay across her decks. The crew began to haul it in. Four ropes of increasing circumference followed. The last one, four inches thick, had to be heaved in by winch. To the end of this was attached the Sudbury's towline, a three-inch cable of the finest steel.

The towline was shackled to the Makedonia's anchor chain. The Sudbury steamed ahead, paying out two thousand feet of line. It weighed eleven tons. When the slack was taken up there was a sharp jerk aboard the Sudbury as her engines assumed the strain. At last the Makedonia was underway. Blagborne telephoned Elworthy: "We just hitched up and are coming home." The Sudbury was full steam ahead but the load reduced her speed to six knots.

Once the Makedonia had momentum the towline, though still maintaining pull, sagged to a depth of ten or twelve feet underwater. The slack served as a spring to cushion the shock when huge waves swelled against the Makedonia's bow. At such moments the section of line leading out over the Sudbury's afterdeck whipped up and down, beating a tattoo on the steel plates, or dragged sideways across the plates with a piercing metallic scream.

After three days of towing, head winds were so strong that speed was down to three knots. Like successive waves of infantry charging a rampart, mighty seas came leaping over the Sudbury's bows. Clinging onto lifelines as waist-high seas surged along

the deck, crewmen made many perilous journeys aft to inspect the towline. As he watched from the bridge Blagborne was nagged by fears of injury to the crew for that would have meant abandoning the Makedonia, a race to a hospital ashore and heavy loss for his company.

Indeed there was danger of his losing the Sudbury herself. High above decks the winds rattled the arms of a thirty-ton jumbo boom as if they were castanets, and drew from the rigging the rising and falling lament of an Irish widow's keening. Deep below decks Hitchins-Smith cursed as he slipped on greasy engine-room plates. Should his engines fail suddenly, he knew, the moving cliffside of the following Makedonia would bear down upon the Sudbury and push her under.

On Thursday, November 17, the Sudbury puffed into the barren harbor of Adak once more and two U. S. Navy tugs helped her to berth the Makedonia. The idea behind the break was to investigate the chances of patching up Makedonia's propeller shaft so that it might be permitted to turn slowly and help both ships along.

Three days were spent tightening the shaft. During the repairs Papaliolios invited Blagborne and Hitchins-Smith to dinner. The tugboat men were impressed by the elegance of his quarters. Papaliolios had a private sitting room with fine furnishings, pictures and brocade curtains. He bowed, spoke in excellent English, offered a silver cigarette box around and held out a costly table lighter. Then he clapped his hands and a steward dressed in white from head to foot padded in with cocktails in crystal glasses.

A move to a private dining saloon followed, and course after course of exotic dishes were served. Among them the tugboat men recognized crabmeat, filet mignon and macaroni. To drink there was retsina, the heady wine of Greece with a subtle tang of pine resin.

"That, gentlemen, is life"

Most of the time Papaliolios talked of seafaring, but sometimes he talked of business. Blagborne and Hitchins-Smith quickly cottoned onto the fact that the master of a Greek tramp is not only a mariner but an entrepreneur and diplomat too.

Papaliolios speaks seven languages and is as much at home in Tahiti, New York, Zanzibar or Oslo as he is in his native Athens. He had sailed the world willy-nilly, he told his guests, and everywhere he went he wined and dined shipping agents of every color and tongue. Usually he managed to charm up a new cargo wherever he discharged the old. He was rueful about his failure to woo a cargo out of Japan and his consequent trouble. "But that, gentlemen," he said, with his customary tired smile, "is life."

Blagborne and Hitchins-Smith noted that no man aboard the Makedonia was idle. Ever since the breakdown Papaliolios had kept the crew at their usual watches. Even in dock the deckhands were painting, splicing, and swabbing. In the silent engine room the firemen were wiping down, repairing parts and making adjustments.

Blagborne left aboard the Makedonia one half of a portable two-way radiotelephone set. From now on he would be able to talk to Papaliolios. On Sunday, November 20, the Sudbury took Makedonia in tow once more. The Makedonia's propeller now turned at half speed and though the weather was choppy the two ships achieved nine knots.

Next day, as they headed east along the southern side of the Aleutians, the

winds began to rise again. By November 22 the Sudbury was soaring over the crests of mountainous waves and two thousand feet behind the Makedonia was lunging through them. The towline twanged as it tautened and slackened under the endlessly variable stress.

For Blagborne November 24 was the climax of the long haul. At two in the afternoon the Makedonia's propeller shaft worked loose again, and Papaliolios had to stop her engine. At five minutes to eight, when the darkness was slashed by the silver streak of snow

and visibility was reduced to zero, the Sudbury took such a sudden leap forward that several of the crew were thrown onto their backs. Mournfully Papaliolios told Blagborne over the telephone that his anchor chain, to which the towline was shackled, had parted. Thirty fathoms of the thick linkage, weighing a ton to a fathom, had rattled out over the Makedonia's bows and were now trailing at the end of the Sudbury's towline like a piece of Brobdingnagian bait. The Makedonia reeled helplessly off into the gloom and Papaliolios called all hands on deck to

rehoist the temporary sails. Blagborne was in even greater danger.

Thirty tons of anchor chain and eleven tons of towline were now pulling down the Sudbury's stern. The angle at which they trailed was increasing every moment and threatening to foul the tug's propeller. In the engine room Hitchins-Smith gave the Sudbury the gun. Plunging ahead at maximum speed she kept her towline taut against the drag of the anchor chain and gingerly Blagborne had it winched in, inch by inch. Mates Jimmie Talbot and Roy Blake were waiting with wrenches

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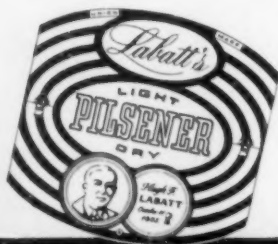


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and hammers. The first links of the anchor chain were pulled over the stern. The chain was valuable but Blagborne bawled "Let 'er go!" With one smart blow of the hammer Blake drove the connecting pin out of its housing, and the thick steel snake plunged to the bottom of the sea. A flying sliver of steel from the chain hit Talbot on the head. Blake helped the half-stunned man back to the deck-house. For a moment Blagborne thought he had on his hands that long-dreaded hospital case. But Talbot made light of his injury and Blagborne felt free to recover the Makedonia.

The Sudbury's onward rush had carried her fifty miles away from the Makedonia, and a possible three-hundred - thousand - dollar profit was adrift. But the Sudbury's whirring radar scanner pierced the night. Into a black screen on the bridge it cast a recurring pink blip. This was the Makedonia. The Sudbury began to track her down.

In Victoria Elworthy lay awake all night to receive telephone reports on the progress of the hunt. Papaliolios telephoned to Blagborne to say that every man in his crew was lining the decks and keeping a lookout for the tug.

Finally, at noon on November 26, the Sudbury inched to within fifty feet of the Makedonia. The freighter had drifted one hundred and fifty miles off course. The giddy heaving of the two vessels and the high erratic winds interfered with Blagborne's aim as he fired a rocket line. The first rocket crashed into the Makedonia's deck-house, bounced off and was lost. Three more rockets and lines, worth twenty-five dollars apiece, were blown off their mark by the wind. On the fifth attempt a line fell across the freighter's decks and the towline was made fast once more. The long dogged pull was resumed.

The Sudbury had already swilled four thousand barrels of bunker oil, twice her normal ration for the distance covered, and on December 1 she put into Kodiak Island, in the Gulf of Alaska, to quench her thirst.

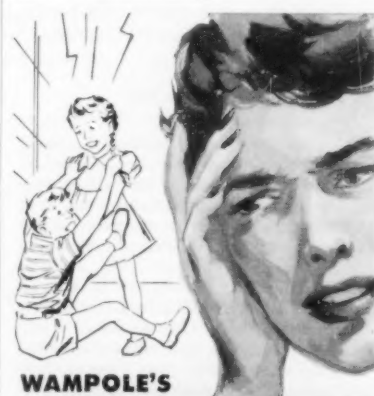
When she slogged out once more it seemed as if the winds were infuriated by their failure to break the tug's spirit and to capsize her charge. They put their all into one last attempt to wreck the expedition. For twenty-four hours the Sudbury and the Makedonia were held at a standstill in the Gulf of Alaska by a head-on gale. The tortured towline yelped like plucked violin strings.

Suddenly the storm collapsed. The Sudbury churned through Dixon Entrance, between the north end of the Charlottes and the southern tip of the

Alaska Panhandle, and raced for the protected Inside Passage, which runs between the British Columbia mainland and an unbroken string of outlying islands. "I think we've done it," said Blagborne.

Now he ran into treacherous currents that race below the deceptively calm surface, narrow openings between jagged rocks, and swirling mists formed from clouds that have failed to surmount the Coast Range of the Rockies. But to Blagborne, who had threaded through them steadily for the greater part of his working life, these phenomena were old friends.

Like any other deep-sea skipper Papaliolios felt claustrophobic in such enclosed waters and was nervous about the myriad zigzag changes of course he received from the Sudbury. He was



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bug-eyed as the Makedonia skidded along behind the tug in the millrace of Seymour Narrows, where shallowly, submerged Ripple Rock has holed more than a hundred ships.

"Papaliolios could have made life hell for me in the Inside Passage," Blagborne said later, "for technically he was still the boss. But he responded to all my suggestions quickly and calmly. He is a gentleman. There are no such things aboard the Makedonia as 'panic stations.'"

On December 12, after forty tempest-tossed days, the jaunty Sudbury towed the sheepish Makedonia under the graceful arch of the Lions Gate Bridge as scores of ships' sirens in Vancouver Harbor bellowed a lusty madrigal of praise.

"We need only one job a year like this to put us on velvet," said Elworthy, who had received congratulatory telegrams from marine underwriters and shipping and tugboat companies on five continents. "Why the Sudbury's nearly paid for herself already. No smaller tug could have done the job."

At a Christmas staff party given by Island Tug and Barge Ltd. a few days later Elworthy, beaming through his horn-rimmed glasses, stood with his three sons Arthur, Donald and Gordon in the receiving line.

As a small boy approached Elworthy bent down and asked, "And what is your name, son?"

The boy looked around the room for a moment to catch the attention of numerous other boys. This was not difficult. When he felt sure his audience was listening the boy piped up loud and clear, "My name is John Hall, and my dad is the cook on the Sudbury."

"Ah lad," said Elworthy, patting his shoulder, "you have a right to be proud." ★

What you don't know about sleep

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

ears and skin, and you cut out the electrical messages sent in by all muscles under tension. The wakefulness centre quiets down as the firing lessens, you get drowsy and, as the activity continues to drop, you are asleep.

Probably the most startling change is the one that occurs in the eyes, each one of which turns upward and outward as the several muscles of the eyes relax. The pupils narrow, which they do otherwise only in strong light, and the sleeper becomes actually blind. Somewhere along the route to the cortex of the brain a switch has been pulled, for even when someone lifts the eyelids, if it is done without waking the sleeper, no sensation appears to reach the brain. With the onset of sleep, sensitivity to touch and pain is dampened down. Deafness comes more or less, though somewhere within, no matter how fast asleep the whole mind may appear to be, someone seems to be on guard, for a mother will wake to the cry of her baby, however faintly heard. A line, as it were, is left open for certain significant sounds, although silence when there should be no silence may wake the sleeper. For example, the sudden cessation of a foghorn will bring awake the sleeping lighthouse keeper.

Other changes occur when you go to sleep. The pulse is slower, metabolism is lower, and the body temperature drops a little. Experiments show that a man's arm gets bigger during sleep—and, by inference, the other limbs as well—as a result of dilation of the blood vessels caused by easing of tension. The same sort of relaxation of vessels apparently occurs within the brain as well, again as the result of lowered tension, and one of the theories of sleep generally accepted until a few years ago assumed that these circulation changes produce an anaemia in the brain which brings on sleep. This no longer appears to be true, for in spite of the general fall of blood pressure in a sleeping person the present indications are that the brain holds more blood rather than less during sleep.

You may fall asleep for two rather different reasons. Your muscles and the sensory apparatus within your brain may become so fatigued that the need for relaxation may become overpowering. Or you may fall asleep because not enough is happening to keep you awake, no matter how rested you may be. In the first case sleep does you a world of good, in the second it does nothing but kill time. Both conditions are significant, for what actually keeps us awake and where does the fatigue begin which leads to sleep?

We are inclined to think that human beings and animals are generally active by day and asleep by night, except for nocturnal creatures who prowl by night and sleep by day. Yet the daily cycle we are so familiar with is one every individual slowly acquires during infancy, and is one which many animals do not have. White rats, for instance, usually have about ten periods of activity and ten periods of rest every twenty-four hours, with the rest periods totaling approximately fourteen hours. Rabbits have from sixteen to twenty-one regularly spaced rest periods during the same time. In both cases, as for many other small mammals, communication with the outside world is much more by touch and smell than it is by sight and sound, and "cat naps" are the rule.

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things seen come slowly to the human infant. Touch and taste mean more to a baby than any other sense, and sleep at first is almost continuous. At the end of three months, however, the total waking period has been increased to about five hours and occurs within the "daytime" period. The baby has been trained to sleep for ten hours at a stretch during the night and to take the rest of its sleep in installments. During the second year the child learns to walk and so widens his scope for activity and is able to remain awake longer. He puts in eleven or twelve

hours altogether at night and reduces daytime sleep to a mere two-hour nap. From this age until school begins the night period remains the same, but the nap is gradually shortened and is finally given up altogether. Then during the next fifteen years the period of night sleep slowly decreases to about seven and a half hours, which is the average for adults generally. From early childhood onward the eyes govern activity, and the day and night cycle is firmly installed as the rhythm of life.

It is not surprising therefore that we

feel the onset of drowsiness and sleep first of all in our eyes. Even forcing yourself to keep your eyes open when drowsiness comes over you is not guarantee that your condition will not be recognized, for the peculiar dull beady look of the eyes is a certain giveaway, particularly after you get double vision in spite of your efforts to fix your gaze. Eye movements become jerky and increasingly hard to control. Eyelids droop, even though you may be physically rested in every other way. Yet it amounts to fatigue of an extreme kind. The muscles that control the

movements of the eyes—six muscles for each eye—and those that raise the eyelids are working and tense from morning to night. They are small, to be sure, but small muscles can get tired just as readily as a large one, and no other muscles in the body work so incessantly, except the heart which has a rest system peculiar to itself. In effect, then, when your eyes begin to wander and the lids get heavy the muscles that control them are simply wilting from fatigue; they are saying that, no matter what, they have done enough work for the day. Sooner or later you give in to them and you are asleep before you know it.

You go to sleep so promptly because up till now your eyes have been mainly responsible for keeping you awake. Closing them, particularly when tired or drowsy, does several things at once. First, and probably most important, the steady stream of sensory impulses pouring into the optic nerves is suddenly cut off. But, almost as important, the twelve muscles that have been coercing the eyes to do their business begin to relax. As they relax they cease to send into the brain their own stream of informative nerve impulses, a stream that is out of all proportion to their small size. The combined effect is like dampening down a fire, the level of consciousness is lowered, and you pass from the waking state into sleep.

All too often, however, it is not so easy. A Gallup poll taken a few years ago indicated that, among Americans of twenty years and older, fifty million have trouble getting to sleep. The tensions associated with our present high-pressure living seem to be responsible. Tension expresses itself in contracted blood vessels and tense muscles, the first keeping the blood pressure at a high level and the other maintaining a steady firing of nerve impulses from the muscles to the brain, both acting to stimulate the wakefulness centre. Carrying your worries to bed probably produces more sleeplessness than any other cause, although any intense emotion such as joy, grief or anger will also keep the wakefulness centre active. Sleeping pills do nothing to remove such tension and are, for the most part, mild anesthetics which may do more harm than good. In 1955 considerably more than one half million pounds of sleeping pills were consumed in the United States and Canada, according to Dr. Victor Vogel, formerly of the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital for narcotic addicts at Lexington, Ky., with over one thousand deaths from accidental or intentional overdoses. A person can become seriously addicted to sleeping pills, and in most cases you are better off with an aspirin.

In any event, relaxation is the key to getting to sleep. The tricks that have been suggested to help nature do what should come naturally, however, appear to be endless: soothing records of bird songs or of waves breaking on a shore, for instance, serve as a sort of lullaby; counting sheep or painting imaginary figures on an imaginary wall are similar devices, a warm bath may relax you generally, although too hot a bath can so stimulate your circulation that you may feel wonderful and rested but wider awake than you were all day.

Or you can begin where sleep begins and concentrate on relaxing the muscles of your eyes. It may not be easy but as long as these muscles are tense you are likely to be tense in other ways as well.

Once the eye tension begins to go, you will feel it leave the muscles of the face and throat as well—all those muscles, in fact, that are connected in any way with speech. For in spite of their small bulk, the muscles connected with speech and vision send and receive more signals to and from the brain than

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all the remaining body muscles combined and, when they are active, do more to keep you awake. Even silent thinking, to the extent that words or sentences are used, involves minute but measurable activity in the voice muscles, so that the more you rehash conversations while you are trying to go to sleep the more likely you are to stay awake.

Relax your eyes and face, stop talking inside, keep still, and give yourself a chance. And stop worrying whether you are going to go to sleep—even if you don't it won't hurt you. Most people who report that they have had a sleepless night have had no such thing; they merely remember being awake more often.

In any case, sleep is far from being the completely quiescent period that most people think good sleep ought to be. As a rule, the only ones who actually sleep like a log are sick persons who are running a fever. Many kinds of devices have been invented during the last two or three decades to record the activities during a night's sleep. The first was a mechanical apparatus developed in Germany during World War I, which consisted essentially of a string carried over pulleys from a bed spring to a recording lever. Since then, however, the apparatus has been greatly improved, so that the sleeper's activities are transmitted either by air compression or electrically. It has been made so sensitive that both respiration and pulse appear on the record. In consequence we now know that the average person moves from ten to twelve times per hour, changing his position completely during about half of these. Also there is a gradual increase in the number of movements per hour throughout the night.

How deep do you sleep?

A really quiet sleep is rare and various circumstances can increase the usual amount of activity. Studies on children have shown that a large evening meal increases movements during sleep, but neither hot nor cold drinks have any effect; nor does an hour of study or of exercise. But almost any emotional state, such as fear, worry, disappointment or pleasant anticipation, interferes with normal sleep. In the case of adults, according to Dr. Kleitman and his colleagues, two quarts of beer or a quart of light wine, sufficient to bring on a mild state of intoxication, makes sleep quieter during the first half of the night but more active during the second. Three cups of coffee on the other hand increase the frequency of movement throughout the night.

Sleep, as most persons have discovered, may be refreshing or otherwise. We are as much concerned with the quality of sleep as we are with its duration, hence such statements as an hour of sleep before midnight is worth two afterwards, which happens *not* to be true. Depth of sleep is not to be measured by the number of times you shift your position but by how much stimulation it takes to wake you. One method often used consists of applying stiff bristles to the skin to determine the sensitivity to touch and pain, and studies made on medical students in Germany showed that sensitivity to touch is about one hundred times less during sleep, while sensitivity to pressure pain is from eight to forty times less. Employing several different methods, Dr. Kleitman discovered that, while on an average the depth of sleep decreases as the night draws on, depth is related primarily to the time that has elapsed since the last shift in position. The depth of sleep might be very small at 1 a.m. if tested five

minutes after a movement and might be very great at 6 a.m. if fifteen or twenty minutes had elapsed since the sleeper last moved. Most persons actually wake up several times during the night but do not remember doing so and so feel that they have slept solidly through the night.

We sleep in an up-and-down sort of way, like a series of waves that get somewhat shallower as time goes by; all of it is important, although each individual to some extent follows a pattern of his own. Kleitman found that while the average number of hours

of sleep of twenty-five persons, covering several thousands of nights, was almost exactly seven and one half, the individual averages ranged as low as a little more than six hours for some and well over nine for others. Whether short or long, the lighter sleep of the morning hours is now known to be as necessary as the deeper periods of the earlier part of the night for full recovery from fatigue.

To sleep is to dream, perhaps to a greater extent than we realize. Most people have experienced the frustration of trying to recall what they were

dreaming just before awakening. If it is not captured at once it is lost. As a rule we have no recollection of the night's dreaming unless the dreams have been particularly disturbing, and until recently it has been equally difficult for an observer to tell whether a sleeping person is dreaming or not. Only when dreams are intense and perhaps distressing do you get such obvious signs as talking or moving. Yet the signs are there. A Chicago University team, in this case Doctors Kleitman, Aserinsky and Dement, detected a peculiar pattern of rapid jerky

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"The time to get up is when the alarm goes off, for those extra forty winks are a trap. When you wake up, get up!"

eye movements two or three times a night in test subjects. If the subjects were awakened when they jerked their eyes in sleep, they usually said they had just been dreaming. Eye movements were recorded by attaching electrodes to the skin above and below and on each side of one or both eyes. The movements themselves appear to be caused by the process of visual dreaming, just as voice muscles move imperceptibly when you speak silently within your mind.

Eye jerking first occurred about three to three and one half hours after the onset of sleep. The tests were conducted on sixteen men during forty-three nights. The first dreaming period averaged eight minutes. Then, two to two and a half hours later, more eye jerking and dreaming occurred, with a period averaging about sixteen minutes. Later again came dreaming periods lasting twenty-two and twenty-four minutes on an average, the last period occurring just before waking up. Altogether this may seem to be not very long, but in terms of dreams it is long enough, for time seems to lose its value. There is a familiar story about a lawyer who came home exhausted after a day's hunting and sat down on a chair beside a grandfather's clock to haul off his boots. Just as the clock started striking twelve he dozed. He dreamed that he stole a client's money, that he was convicted and sentenced to ten years in prison, that he served out his term and was just being released when he awakened to hear the clock striking the final note of twelve. This particular story may or may not be true, but it illustrates the fact that what seems to the dreamer to be a long dream may actually last only a few seconds.

The nature of dreams of course is another question. They have been variously interpreted as divine messages, as experiences of disembodied souls roaming heaven and earth while the body sleeps, visitations of the dead and as prophecies of the future, or merely as a sleeping person's perceptions of external events or bodily disturbances. No matter how dreams should be interpreted however, we are now beginning to get a more systematic knowledge of both the subject matter and the nature of dreaming. Dr. Calvin Hall, of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, for instance, has analyzed more than ten thousand dreams reported by a large group of people. Certainly the vast majority contain no sinister or serious implications. Twenty-four percent concerned part of a familiar dwelling or building, showing a definite commonplaceness, while in most cases there is a general aversion toward work, study and commercial transactions, and a marked affinity for recreation and riding around.

Of 1,819 dreams from an 18-28 age group, the dreamer was the only person present in about 15 percent, while two other persons were usually present in the rest. Of these dream companions 43 percent were strangers, 38 percent friends or acquaintances, and 19 percent relatives. Men dreamed about men about twice as often as they did about women, while the women were impartial and dreamed about the one sex about as often as the other. As a rule people dream most often about persons of their own age. To a marked extent however children dream about their parents, parents about their children, husbands about their wives, and the wives about their husbands. In

other words you tend to dream about what concerns you most.

Dreams of falling or floating actually are by no means common. Analysis of 2,668 actions which took place during one thousand dreams showed a strong inclination to go places rather than do things. Of 1,320 dreams concerning relationships with other people about one third were hostile and about one seventh positively friendly. Apprehension represents about 40 percent of all dream emotions, sadness only six percent, while anger, excitement and happiness tie with 18 percent each. In spite of these figures 41 percent of the dreamers ranked their dreams as pleasant and only 25 percent felt them to be unpleasant. Out of 3,000 dreams no more than 29 percent were colored, and some persons never have colored dreams at all, although others always dream in color.

What do dreams mean?

Unless your behavior and thoughts when awake show that you are more or less mixed up inside you should not take your dreams seriously nor permit anyone else to do so. Don't look too hard for the hidden meaning, for as a rule there is none. Insofar as you can remember them look upon them for what they are: amazingly woven visual tapestries which show the mind running free without being driven from pillar to post by the conscious will. Most of the time dreams are simply the mind at play, doodling, so to speak, and you should relax and enjoy the process.

Insofar as dreams reflect or are distorted by inner conflicts of the mind however, whether the individual is aware of the conflict or not, they have been seized upon by psychoanalysts of various schools and interpreted in very different ways. According to the Freudians most dreams, whether they appear superficially to be meaningless or not, represent in some way the fulfillment of infantile sexual desires or related hostilities. According to the followers of Dr. Carl Gustav Jung, whose ideas were opposed to Freud's, they represent attempts on the part of the dreamer to understand his own psychic development in order to plan for the future. Recurrent dreams like those about getting stuck in the middle of a railway track and discovering you

have forgotten to put on your clothes, can be interpreted for instance in various terms of sexual frustration or embarrassment, or as representing efforts to get out of a real mental predicament. They may result simply from the fact the bedclothes are too confining and the restraint is expressed in the dream.

In fact, nearly a hundred years ago in Paris, Alfred Maury made many observations of this sort. Thus a warm water bottle on the feet of a sleeper made him dream of a voyage to volcanic Mount Etna; adhesive tape put on the head made him dream of adventures among savage Indians, by whom he was finally scalped.

Whether you dream a lot or a little, sleep well or badly, the time eventually comes to wake up. Like going to sleep, waking up is hard for some and easy for others. Yet as normal sleep becomes lighter with the passing hours it takes less stimulation for light and sound and inner feelings to reach through the senses to the brain and so bring about active wakefulness. Sudden awakening may produce bewilderment and people awakened by an alarm clock often fall asleep again as soon as it's silenced. It's natural to waken gradually.

That is why you wake up in the country feeling so good. The subconscious mind keeps step with the sunshine, the birds singing and the wind in the trees. It is the natural way to awaken. But if you have to rely on an alarm clock to get you up in time to get to your job, the time to get up is when the alarm goes off, for those extra forty winks are a trap. When you wake up, get up! And this holds whether you use an actual clock or whether you have developed the uncanny knack of waking up promptly at a certain specified time without artificial aids. Some people can always wake up exactly on time, others can never do it. With practice however many persons can put on a remarkable performance. Five individuals tested on two hundred and fifty nights were able to wake up within five minutes of any particular time set for them. Evidently, whether asleep or awake, someone, which is you, is keeping watch, and sleeping and waking are simply the two phases of existence for the mind, both of which are necessary in order to stay alive. ★





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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

is to be opened to see if there is any evidence to be found that Marlowe was actually William Shakespeare, adds topicality to the whole affair. But if anyone thinks that Marlowe wrote Romeo And Juliet or A Midsummer Night's Dream, then he should consult a psychiatrist at once.

For me there was another added interest. A few years ago the Old Vic Company of London produced Tamburlaine with Donald Wolfit in the lead, and now I could compare the Canadian version with that of London's classic theatre.

Truth compels me to candor. The Canadian production was far, far better.

Wolfit is a grand actor but he failed at the Old Vic to bring to the role the sheer lustful insanity of Tamburlaine who found not only self-expression but self-confidence in murder. By contrast, Anthony Quayle convinced us that Tamburlaine, like Hitler, was a megalomaniac who could only mount to glory on the dead bodies of men. It is part of the mystery of acting that a gentle creature like Quayle could chill our blood while Wolfit mainly roused our incredulity.

Who conceded what?

A strange likable creature is Anthony Quayle. As director-in-chief of the Stratford-on-Avon theatre he has had a tremendous success. But not content with that he took his company to Australia where he presented several Shakespearean plays.

One night, a couple of years ago, he came and dined with me at the House of Commons, and we talked until the policeman in the lobby shouted, "Who goes home?"—the cry that signals the end of each day's sitting.

But even with some knowledge of his qualities, it never occurred to me that he could make Tamburlaine not only dramatic but convincing. As for his voice production, it is only necessary to state that the more he roared and ranted the more he grew in resonance.

Yet having paid this tribute to Quayle, one must admit that the miracle man on this occasion was Tyrone Guthrie. Guthrie is not a sentimentalist. Guthrie is never a flatterer, whether he is dealing with actors or authors. Guthrie is always the boss. If he had taken up a military career he would have been the greatest sergeant-major in the whole British Army. As for dramatic critics, he simply regards them as first-night dead-heads.

That might seem a harsh portrait and obviously it must be an incomplete one, because in this production he accomplished the impossible by blending the Canadian and British voices until they were indistinguishable from each other.

Who conceded what? That is the question. English, as it is spoken in Britain, is a language of infinite variety of accent. But somehow on the London stage there is a classical compromise which is recognized and accepted. The Canadian accent is clearly distinct from both the British and the American. We Canadians pronounce the consonant "r," whereas the British will have nothing to do with it except at the beginning of a word. Thus the Canadian says "weather" and the Englishman "weathah." Undoubtedly the Englishman has more notes to his voice, but the Canadian has greater clarity.



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As one who has lived both in Britain and in Canada, I listened with real curiosity to the speaking of the Tamburlaine cast to discern the difference in enunciation. Quite frankly, there was none. The whole production would have seemed just as right in the Old Vic theatre as it did in the Royal Alexandra in Toronto and the Winter Garden in New York.

It was exasperating to board the Queen Mary for London on the day of the official opening of the play in New York. I would have given much to watch the reaction and the reception of a crowded theatre, but ships wait for no man.

Yet there was a measure of solace in the fact that Alec Guinness was on board, and we went into a huddle. You will remember that he was the first star in the Stratfordian firmament of Canada, and he could hardly have been more interested and excited if he, instead of Marlowe, had written Tamburlaine.

Guinness gave me a most entertaining account of his adventures in the first season of Canada's Stratford Festival Theatre. I asked him why he undertook it and he answered, "How could I refuse young Patterson? He was so helpless, so innocent and so determined. Besides I love fishing."

He discussed among other things the adapting of the Canadian voice to the English classics. "That was not difficult," he answered. "We found the Canadians very adaptable, and it was tremendous fun working with them. The actual theatre in which we played was a far greater problem. What really worried us most was the whistling of the trains."

What about the audience? "They were swift and generous in their response," he answered. "In fact the whole thing was exciting and worthwhile."

It was not until we returned to London that we were able to read the first-night reviews of the New York newspapers. Naturally I looked first for what Brooks Atkinson had to say in the Times. Atkinson has good claims to being the best dramatic critic in the world. His judgment is sound, his knowledge is vast and he regards himself as a servant of the drama.

Like all the critics, both in London and New York, he acknowledged that Tamburlaine is not a great play, but he recognized it for what it is—a most relentless and formidable piece of writing which proves that even if Marlowe wrote A Midsummer Night's Dream it was certain that Shakespeare never wrote Tamburlaine the Great. Shakespeare and Marlowe have nothing in common except that they were poets and playwrights and lived in the same century.

Sufficient time has now elapsed since the eventful Canadian season in New York for all of us to look on that event in calm perspective. The truth is that, in the presence of ambassadors, diplomats, celebrities and people like you and me, the Canadian players offered a production that could not have been

excelled in New York or London.

Undoubtedly much of that success is due to Guthrie and the intelligent vitality of Quayle, but the undeniable fact remains that the general average of speaking and acting was better than in the Old Vic production in London.

Thus New York was not only a moment in the history of the theatre but a moment in the history of Canada. The fact that Tamburlaine had a disappointingly short run is not important; except in regard to musicals, the New Yorker has always been an unadventurous playgoer. How right it was that

ambassadors and diplomats attended the opening night, and how right it was that the Stratford players should have been entertained at supper afterwards by the American National Theatre Academy.

But the story must not end there. This production must come to London when Quayle and Guthrie can fit it into their engagements. Then it should play for a week or a fortnight in Paris. And, while you are at it, why not invade Moscow? Hamlet in English scored a great success there and one feels that the Muscovites might re-

spond even more heartily to strongman Tamburlaine.

The world has heard so much about Canada's wheat, Canada's ore, and Canada's newsprint. Now let the world hear Canada's voice in the theatre.

As for the wistful Tom Patterson, he should have a statue erected in his honor at Canada's Stratford.

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City _____ Prov. _____ MAC-1-58

The fastest-growing city in the world

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

expansion showed similar rises in Toronto. Its people cashed thirty-six billion dollars in cheques in 1952 and fifty billion in 1954. Last year the assessed value of property in the metro area reached almost three billion dollars. This was a jump of almost half a billion in two years, twice the total assessment of Edmonton.

Concealed in such statistics is the fact that an almost entirely new Toronto has grown around the core of the old in a few years, and an even newer Toronto is growing again around that. In three of the metropolitan area's thirteen municipalities alone—North York, Etobicoke and Scarborough—there are almost three hundred thousand more people and seventy-five thousand more homes than ten years ago, representing most of the growth of the whole Toronto area. It's as if the entire city of Winnipeg went to Toronto for the Grey Cup football game, and stayed.

Three big townships practically enclose Toronto—Scarborough on the east, Etobicoke on the west and North York on the north. As they grew, slowly at first and then out of control, they created staggering problems. Highways into the city quickly became useless as they were clogged with commuters. Toronto found itself ringed with municipalities that had no adequate water, transportation or sewage facilities; the rush of building soon exhausted the existing ones. The situation was chaotic.

Out of this chaos a new system of municipal government was born. At the beginning of 1954 the Ontario government made Toronto in effect a league of thirteen municipalities. Each retains its independence but has obligations to the senior, or metropolitan government, in looking after roads, water, schools and sewers for the entire area. Already the city is planning to take in thirteen more municipalities within a few years as it continues to grow outward.

"Our population will be more than two million in twenty years—probably sooner," Fred G. Gardiner, chairman of the council of Metropolitan Toronto—a so-called supermayor—said recently.

If it's big, and getting bigger, Toronto also has big problems, most of them expensive to solve. To provide roads, schools, water, sewers, transportation, parks and recreation for its teeming population in the next ten years, the Metropolitan Council expects to spend almost a billion dollars. This is twice as much as the whole of Canada plans to spend for the St. Lawrence seaway and power project. And there's no assurance either that a billion dollars will solve Toronto's problems. Three years ago the city and province began building a bypass highway ten miles north of the waterfront to carry traffic around Toronto, instead of through the business area. It's not quite finished (there is no through traffic) but already it's loaded with cars from surrounding residential districts, and highway engineers are talking about another bypass ten miles farther north.

With housing and industry thus pushing outward from the city, the price of land has moved ahead accordingly and, in many cases, has far out-matched the pace of building. Walter Blucher, the executive director of the American Society of Planning Engineers, recently made a brief study of

Toronto building and real estate and then wrote scoldingly in the Toronto Star: "I am disturbed at the astronomical prices asked for land for residential development. Good residential land can be bought in Chicago for fifteen hundred dollars an acre. Here eight and ten thousand dollars is being asked in some areas."

If Blucher had looked closer he'd have seen much more astronomical sums than those. Land for housing in North York township sold for four dollars a foot in 1940; now it's a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Two brothers named Ruscica bought four hundred acres in the township after the war for sixty thousand dollars and later sold it for double the price to a contractor planning an apartment development. That was eight years ago. Recently a three-and-a-half-acre corner adjoining that land was sold to Grand Union, an American-owned chain of supermarkets now invading Canada, for almost three hundred thousand dollars.

Chasing a fast buck

Scores of ordinary people have become rich buying and selling land, but just as many have missed their golden opportunities. Often they're the same people. For example, when A. W. Farlinger was starting out in the real-estate business in 1940 the township of East York had taken over the property of the Woodbine Golf Club for taxes. Township officials offered Farlinger a quarter section of land (a hundred and sixty acres) for twenty-two thousand dollars. Farlinger had to say no—he didn't have the money.

"Put down two thousand dollars and we'll wait for the rest," suggested Councillor John Hollinger. Again Farlinger declined. Ten years later, looking for a site for a housing subdivision, he paid a quarter of a million dollars for the same quarter section. Now it's a new community called Woodbine Gardens.

Like buying penny stocks, land speculation has become a craze in some financial quarters and a nuisance to builders and contractors, who find themselves bidding against outsiders as well as against one another for property. "After the war everybody was

going into the electrical appliance business; now they're buying up land and selling it," says one real-estate expert, F. C. Brake, the comptroller of Saracini Construction Co., one of the largest Toronto firms. "Seventy-five percent of the people are doing it to make a fast buck, not to develop the land. Some fellows form a company and get financial backing to buy the land and then sell it to builders at a profit."

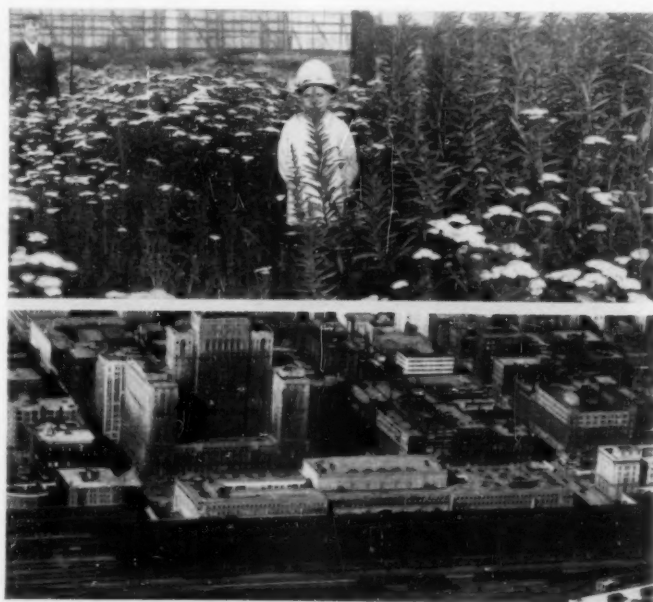
Most large companies looking for land for industry buy secretly through an agent, so that their name and financial reputation does not elevate the price. This has resulted in at least one memorable deal.

About three years ago a drug firm, Parke Davis and Company, was trying to decide whether to build a new manufacturing plant on four acres near the site of the Canadian National Exhibition on the Toronto lakefront. On an adjoining six acres the Canadian Breweries Ltd. had plans for a new brewery. Then, at just about the same time, E. P. Taylor, chairman of the board of Canadian Breweries, and the Parke Davis people changed their minds. Both offered their property for sale and began to look for other building sites. Soon after, a Toronto trust company took an option on the combined ten acres.

Driving past his lot one day, Taylor noticed a large trailer truck owned by the rival Molson's Brewery standing smack in the centre of the field. When he got to his destination he phoned his real-estate broker and ordered bluntly, "Get that Molson's truck off our land." The broker said he would and called the trust company. It was only then that he learned that Molson's, not the trust company, held the option on the property.

Taylor still fumes when he sees the new thirty-million-dollar Molson's brewery a few hundred feet from the main entrance of the CNE, where it is seen by thousands every day and by hundreds of thousands at exhibition time. But his pique is probably cushioned by the fact that the property sold for fifty thousand dollars an acre.

Like the Molson purchase, most property in Toronto itself is prohibitively expensive. The biggest land scramble of the last year has been along



TRAINS RUN WHERE WILD FLOWERS GREW

In 1913 children roamed through fields (top) where the Union Station and vast rail yards now stand (bottom foreground), facing the Royal York Hotel.



I BESEECH THEE SIRE TO LET ME SEEK THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE TO THE FABULOUS ISLES OF THE EAST

WE REQUIRE THEE THEN TO SET FORTH UPON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY!

HENRY VII instructed his "well beloved John Cabot" to "seek out whatsoever isles, countries, regions or provinces of the heathens or infidels, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." Without Henry's backing, Cabot might never have discovered Canada.



WE, THE MERCHANTS OF BRISTOL, WISH THEE EVERY SUCCESS,

On May 1, 1497 Cabot sailed from Bristol, then second only to London as a great English port. The merchants of Bristol, eager to expand their trade, equipped Cabot's ship, the Mathew, though it was the King of England who financed the voyage, for he was very eager for his country to expand.



For two months the Mathew tossed on the high seas. Cabot could navigate only by the compass—which does not always point due north. Hence he headed slightly southwest instead of west, and so made his great discovery.



THEY DO SAY THE WORLD IS ROUND, FATHER BUT FORSOOTH I FEAR WHAT MAY BETIDE.

HAVE FAITH, SON E'ER LONG WE SHOULD SIGHT LAND

It took courage to set upon unknown waters hoping to sail around the world and appear on the other side of the horizon, for in those days the idea of a round globe was still new. Cabot had a crew of only eighteen men, including his three sons.



At last, on June 24, 1497 land was sighted. "It is a very good and temperate country," Cabot wrote. "Brazil wood and silks grow there, and the sea is covered with fishes." Cabot thought this land was connected with the East.



I PROCLAIM FOR THE KING OF ENGLAND DOMINION, TITLE AND JURISDICTION OVER THESE LANDS.

On the new land, far from the old world, Cabot planted the flag of England and also the banner of St. Mark, patron saint of his native Venice. Cabot was the first to unfurl the flag of England on soil which Jacques Cartier, Champlain and others later opened up.



Instead of finding a route to the isles of the east, Cabot discovered a land richer by far. Cabot has won his niche in our history. But without the help of Henry VII of England, he could not have financed his expedition. Henry, also, "helped Canada grow."

THE CABOTS of today have plenty of adventure ahead, as Canada's rapid development demands initiative in every field. New Cabots are venturing in to both charted and uncharted areas of financial risk.

Who are the Henry VII's of today?

The lending institutions of Canada!

Every day they help Canada grow. For the savings of Canadians are invested by the banks to

turn the wheels of progress.

When you deposit your savings, whenever you do business with your bank, you are contributing to the funds available for Canada's growth—for your growth with Canada.

Drop in for a chat with your Bank of Nova Scotia manager. Ask him to help you chart your course. You'll find him a good man to know.

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA
• Your Partner in Helping Canada Grow

main highways leading into the city.

"Any land within twenty-five miles of Toronto will double in price within ten years," real-estate broker Farlinger predicted recently. If the past is any indication, he was probably being conservative. Tom Kennedy, formerly Ontario's Minister of Agriculture, has the deed by which his grandfather bought a quarter section west of Toronto in 1811 for fifty dollars. Recently Kennedy was offered a million for it.

While soaring land values have made many people rich, so has Toronto's home-building boom. An average of

more than fifteen thousand homes have gone up each year since 1950—last year twenty-four thousand were built—and it has created a new generation of construction millionaires. It has also given rise to stories that would make Horatio Alger throw away his pen.

Rex Heslop, a former cab driver and miner, was flat broke in 1947 when he borrowed two thousand dollars from a bank and started in the building business. He quickly discovered that he could sell homes as fast as he could put them up, so he built them faster and faster: sixteen hundred of them in six

years. Then, in Etobicoke township, he gambled and made good on a three-thousand-acre community of homes and industry which he called Rexdale, after himself. Now, at Georgetown, thirty-six miles northwest of Toronto, he has started raising a city of thirty-five hundred homes and apartment buildings, with industrial sites, parks and shopping centres. When it's finished fifteen thousand people will live there.

For himself, Heslop has a four-acre estate complete with a heated, glassed-in swimming pool and two limousines in his double garage. "I gave it the works," he says cheerfully. "If you're going to be a plutocrat you might as well act like one."

The biggest successes in Toronto's building boom are men like Heslop who have built on a scale that in any other Canadian city at any other time might be called risky. Assembly-line construction has become the rule and homes are built in lots of fifty, or five hundred. Few small builders have survived. At the turn of the century J. V. Saracini, an Italian immigrant, started building homes in Toronto, painstakingly, one at a time. Some took a year to build. He sold them anywhere from five thousand to twenty thousand dollars. They were quality homes and he was proud of them, but for fifty years he made little money from them. In the past five years, however, the two sons to whom he taught the business, Dan and Albert, have made the family wealthy by hiring architects, engineers and construction crews and turning out a fifteen- to twenty-thousand-dollar home every day, and a fifty-thousand-dollar industrial plant once a month.

Real-estate firms have mushroomed too. Ridout Real Estate Ltd., which claims to be Canada's largest with sales of seventy million dollars last year, has grown from two brothers to a staff of almost five hundred in eight years. Ernest, a milk-rig salesman, and George Ridout started out selling single houses on commission. Now their three hundred and fifty salesmen sell everything from farmland to hotels, homes and

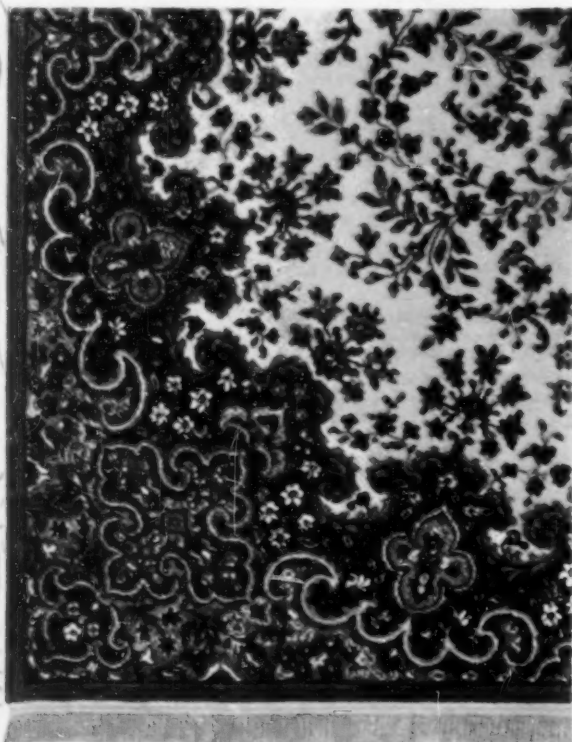
office buildings, and the firm finances whole subdivisions. Thirty-five of the salesmen are called "millionaires"—they have sold more than a million dollars in real estate. Recently, acting for four large construction firms, Ridout submitted to the city of Toronto a seventeen-million-dollar redevelopment project that would replace two blocks of downtown slums with eight apartment buildings, each towering seventeen stories. The city is still studying the proposal, along with those of a dozen other builders.

The building boom, like a rock thrown in a pond, has created waves of prosperity in almost every direction. Ten years ago a bricklayer could earn more in Windsor, Edmonton or Vancouver than he could in Toronto. Now the Toronto bricklayer is the highest paid in Canada (\$2.46 an hour, twice what he got ten years ago), and the same is true for every other construction worker from a painter to a plumber. This buoyant condition is reflected on the consumer level as well. Business in household furnishings, for example, is booming. Last year housewives spent twice as much on rugs, drapes, furniture, stoves, lamps and TV sets as they did two years before.

While the boom has bred success and riches for many people, it has produced hardship and failure for others. Eight years ago, Eugene Faludi, one of Canada's best-known community planners, warned the Association of Ontario Land Surveyors: "We are now in the same position we were in when anyone was permitted to sell medicine and many were poisoned. The public has to be protected against the land gambles of the man who last year was a grocer but who sees money in subdivisions." His words were as prophetic as any that predicted prosperity.

In 1948 more than fifty people lost two thousand dollars apiece when a project called Pelmo Park went broke. An Ontario government enquiry found that the builder had started the development when he was still in debt from previous efforts, and that some buyers had been allowed to pour

A wish that can come true for you



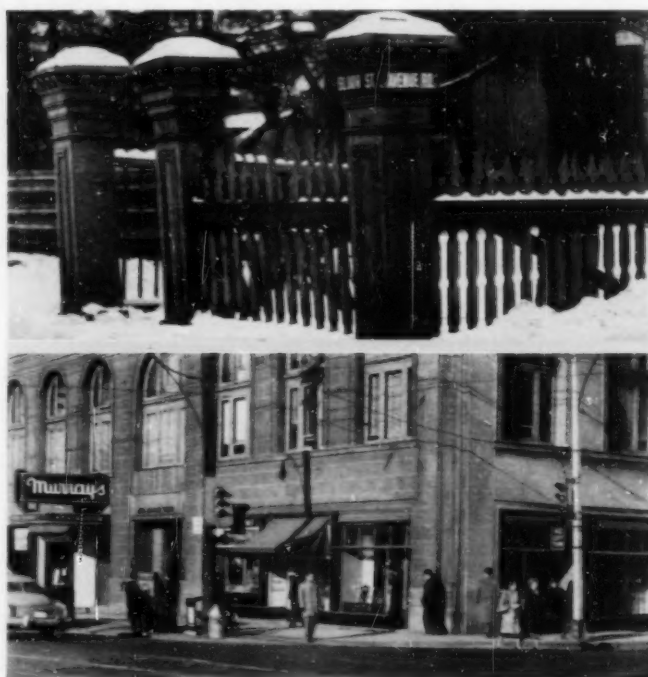
Sar-u-khan Pattern 914/21

WHO HASN'T LONGED to own the jewelled beauty of a treasured Oriental rug . . . to see how its subtle colourings and velvety pile lend an air of luxury to any room? For centuries only the favoured few could hope to make such a wish come true. Such rugs were rare and costly. Now by a modern miracle these ancient splendours are within the reach of all. You can enjoy the lifetime pride of possessing true reproductions of the famed orientals . . . woven the age-old way of pure wools with the tufts locked in forever.

BRINTON • PETERBORO

CARPET COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Style-leading Carpets of the Canadian Home



A HOTEL CLIMBED FROM A QUIET GARDEN

The front yard of an old estate marked the corner of Toronto's Bloor Street and Avenue Road about 1909. On same site today stands Park Plaza Hotel.

money into homes two weeks after he went bankrupt.

Many families living on smaller incomes and unable to buy homes have suffered from high rents which have accompanied the increase in population and demand for housing. Recently an Ottawa couple with five children lost their home and a shop the father ran in a fire. They moved to Toronto where the father was offered a job, but found they couldn't afford the rent for an apartment adequate for five children. Now the family has broken up, with three of the children living with foster families.

In many families more than a third of the income goes for rent for a couple of rooms in a crowded tenement, according to Miss Betty Cormack, a case worker for the Catholic Children's Aid of Toronto. "There is no privacy and the constant pressure on the children to keep quiet causes emotional disturbances in the children and quarrels between the parents."

Many of the successes in the real-estate and building boom, some of the flops and a lot of the fanfare have centred in Scarborough, the largest of the metropolitan area's thirteen municipalities. Scarborough's story is largely the story of mushrooming Toronto.

Crockford's Golden Mile

Twenty years ago the township, along with nine other Toronto municipalities, couldn't pay its way and went into receivership; Ontario's Department of Municipal Affairs began to supervise the budget. To save money the whole police force was fired and hired back again at half pay; a policeman got thirteen hundred dollars a year. For years no schools were built, no roads, no sewers, no homes. The township was standing still. At the end of the war there were only twenty-four thousand people in Scarborough.

At that point a volatile and loquacious little grocer named Oliver Crockford appeared before the township council one evening with a plan for attracting industry to Scarborough. He got into an argument with the councilors and left, swearing that he'd take over their jobs himself. True to his word, Crockford was elected reeve in 1946. There is some dispute as to what happened after that—whether Crockford carried Scarborough or the township carried Crockford—but Scarborough began to move.

Crockford talked the township into buying a federal war plant of a hundred and fifty buildings on two hundred and fifty acres for almost four hundred thousand dollars, in addition to other tracts of farmland. Then he went after industry and got it—Frigidaire, Rootes Motors, dozens of others—and he launched Scarborough's Golden Mile of industry. The township made a million dollars on the land he bought.

Scarborough now has more than a hundred and thirty thousand people, and it's still growing. Its Golden Mile—actually a four-square-mile area of modern factories—has grown to include three hundred industrial plants with a total investment of more than a quarter of a billion dollars. Last year there was more building in Scarborough—eighty-five million dollars worth in permits—than in the city of Toronto itself. And the policemen are happier on a salary of four thousand a year.

And Crockford? He was defeated in last December's election after an angry bitter campaign in which it was brought out that he had bought a Cadillac through a builder, Walter Pugh, who had put up four subdivisions in Scarborough. This was indiscreet for a

reeve. Judge Robert Forsyth commented following a judicial enquiry into township management.

The real trouble, however, was that Scarborough had grown too fast, even for Crockford. The new reeve, Gus Harris, told residents that their taxes would have to go up ten percent to pay for extra schools, roads, fire and police protection that the flood of housing would require.

Other, newer areas, however, have experienced similar growing pains. For a time three years ago the township of North York, whose population has trebled in eight years to a hundred and

fifty thousand people, had to put a ban on new-home building because it couldn't afford to build more schools. The North York building department closes its doors to the public one day a week to give inspectors a chance to make their reports.

Like a family that has grown too fast, mushrooming Toronto has been hard on the family budget, and will continue to be. Everything is suddenly too small—roads, schools, sewers, transportation. According to Fred Gardiner, the dour, dynamic man who is chairman of the Metropolitan Council, it

will take at least five years to straighten out the mess, and it will cost nine hundred million dollars over the next ten years. This will include a hundred and fifty million for another subway—east to west this time.

If these plans sound somewhat stupendous, so do those of private individuals now at work changing the skyline and complexion of Toronto. Recently a Swiss builder, Herbert Durrenberger, put the last slab of cement on three fifteen-story apartments that rise majestically in a single block downtown.

A Brockville financier, John C. Udd,

Collector's Items

MANDOLIN
created by Bulceto, Italy 1854

VIOLIN
by Howell of Bristol, England 1867

DOUBLE FLAGEOLET
Early 19th Century, England

HAND-CARVED STATUE
Baroque period, European origin

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
COURTESY ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Adams Antique
CANADIAN WHISKY

ADAMS ANTIQUE IS THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL.
Here is a whisky with the smooth mellowness of age
... recalling warm memories of the golden
past and promising a gracious life today.

Adams Antique
CANADIAN WHISKY

Thomas Adams Distillers Ltd.
AMHERSTBURG, ONT. VANCOUVER, B. C.

CREATED IN THE PAST FOR YOUR PLEASURE TODAY

Everybody's going to

Jamaica



Rum

... that is!

Rum is the *smart* thing to serve these days... but just *any* rum won't do! If it's a Jamaica Rum, it's *right*, because Jamaica is the home of the best rums in the world. There are many brands to choose from... light, medium or full-bodied. *Perfect* this weather in cocktails, nogs and as cheery hot buttered rum. Jamaica Rum is "BORN TO BLEND".

IT'S IMPORTED!

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASS'N. (OF JAMAICA) LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD—

GUINNESS

is more than a
STOUT—



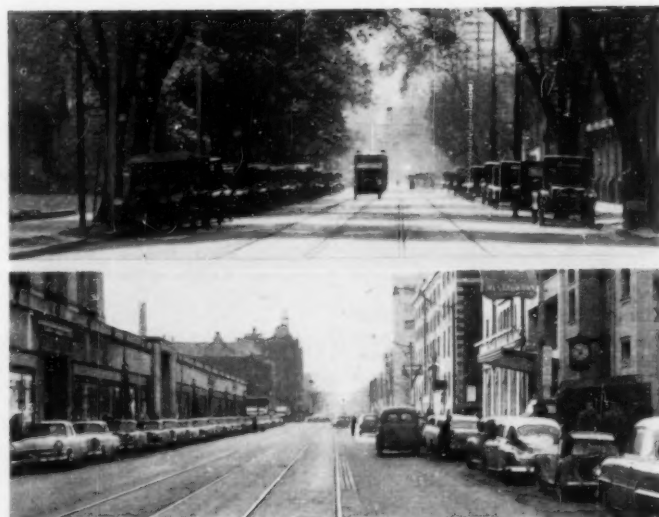
Guinness is.... Guinness!

Brewed in Dublin since 1759



If you would like a set of plans to make the old-world galleon pictured above, cut out this coupon and send it, together with your name and address, to:—
Guinness Exports, Ltd., Atlas Street, Liverpool, 3, England

On sale at all liquor stores.



THE SHADE TREES AND MODEL-Ts DEPART

Elms shaded boxlike autos on midtown College Street about 1921 (top). Now the trees are gone, the cars are sleek and one store stretches a block.

who built the Lord Elgin Hotel in Ottawa and the Laurentien Hotel in Montreal, is now putting up a rival to Toronto's Royal York. It's an eighteen-story building with nine hundred rooms to be called the Lord Simcoe. (John Graves Simcoe, Upper Canada's first governor, for whom it is named was actually a major-general and never became a lord.) Another rival will be built near Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto's midtown area at a cost of almost four million dollars.

Yesterday's biggest is not big enough today, and the thirty-four-story Bank of Commerce building, Toronto's tallest and also tallest in the British Commonwealth, will soon be supplanted by a neighboring office building soaring thirty-eight stories. Elsewhere in the metropolitan area whole cities are rising on wooded ravines or rolling farmland. In North York the Don Mills development, now half completed, will be a city of thirty-five thousand people by 1958, with parks, schools and industries. Nearby, the plant of International Business Machines stretches unbelievably for a quarter of a mile, and employees play on their own nine-hole golf course.

Toronto, becoming sated with bigness, wasn't fazed when a young builder still in his thirties recently revealed his plans for a city of seventy-five thousand on eight thousand acres west of the city. This was Jack Fienberg who parlayed a hot-dog stand into his own construction business by 1950. At that time he found when he went looking for land to build on that he was continually running into three boyhood friends also looking for land to build on.

One day he called his friends, Noel Zeldin, Lawrence Shankman and Louis Stulberg, together and suggested a deal. "Why bid against one another? We can do everything better and cheaper working together."

Fienberg went to Levittown, N.Y., and studied mass-produced housing that raised a city of eighteen thousand homes there. He went to Europe and studied housing there. Then he returned home and the four friends went to work. Last year they built two thousand homes; this year they plan four thousand—eleven completed homes every day of the year.

In booming Toronto, Fienberg is unusual but not unique. Apparently only the taxpayers are reluctant to get in on the boom. In the last city election they

rejected a proposal to build a new eighteen-million-dollar city hall. A week later a Toronto financier, S. Joseph Tankoos, suggested to the city that he and a partner, Jack M. Soules, be allowed to build a city hall and rent space to both the city and metropolitan governments. "I'm not starry-eyed," said Tankoos, "but this is a dynamic city and deserves a proper building." But the city decided to stay in its fifty-six-year-old pile of Romanesque stone and wait and see what happens.

From all present indications that is apt to be considerable. A few weeks ago when the royal commission studying Canada's economic prospects held its hearings in Toronto, it got this long-range picture of Toronto: it will be a city of 2,800,000 in the next twenty-five years, double the present population. About 2,320,000 of these people will live in the metro area and the other half million on its fringes. Most of the industrial plants will move to the suburbs as they are now doing. Malton Airport won't be big enough and Toronto will have a second major airport. Both the city and suburbs will have helicopter ports for commuters, who will have to go into the air or into subways to escape the city's quarter of a million trucks (there are now sixty thousand). To look after all the extra people there will be a million homes, more than twice as many as there are now.

Can Toronto move fast enough to meet this gaudy destiny? Apparently, from one piece of evidence at least, it can. Just a few months ago builder Jack Fienberg found that his growing business needed more office space, so he made plans to build a small office building. Going over the plans, he remembered that American business friends had often complained how hard it was to get a hotel room in Toronto. He told his architect to build a small apartment hotel, with space for offices. By the time building started the plans called for a full-fledged hotel with a hundred rooms.

This has been completed and Fienberg and his partners have office suites on the second floor, but the plans have been enlarged again. They call for another four hundred rooms and the project when finished will cost nine million dollars.

"It just keeps getting bigger," says Fienberg simply, "like a snowball on a steep hill." ★

The man with the \$100,000 voice

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

bumpers while four cameras and three mike booms manoeuvre around him. The pressure is intense but Aldred is regally confident that he won't fluff a word.

A fine example of both his memory and his confidence occurred last summer when television commercial announcers in New York and Los Angeles, among them a smattering of movie stars, were called to audition for the Chevy Show. This was to be one of the plums of the industry, since it was known that the fee would be astronomical. Aldred's audition took place in New York, in a studio fitted with a glossy automobile.

The director approached Aldred as he came out of the make-up room. "Your goof cards will be here and over there and . . ."

"I never use goof cards," Aldred interrupted crisply.

The director exchanged a look with a cameraman. Both were skeptical and amused. Goof cards are used throughout television. They stand about three feet high and the script is printed on them in bold black letters. Assistants hold them up, just out of camera range, so performers can check their lines while appearing to be casually looking around. To the already-formidable perils of this important audition, Aldred had deliberately added another. The crews put away the goof cards and prepared with malicious expectancy for the upstart to blow his lines. Aldred astounded them; he went through the audition without a flaw. The voting on the audition was almost unanimously for Aldred.

Aldred heard of the result a few weeks later and was gratified, but not surprised. "I was pretty sure I had it," he later explained. "If I'm satisfied with an audition I get the feeling that the job is mine."

It's tricky timing teasers

Aldred's aptitude for memorizing is more than a parlor trick; it's worth a small fortune to his sponsors. An agency man for the H. J. Heinz Company recently estimated that Aldred had saved the company about \$22,000 in studio time in the two years he has been host of Studio 57 and delivering the commercials for such shows as I Love Lucy and Captain Gallant of the Foreign Legion, which Aldred describes as a western on camels. Aldred does these commercials on film in wholesale lots.

"He can do as many as twelve one-minute openings of Studio 57 in one day," bubbles Los Angeles film production manager Doc Merman, a former movie producer. "Anyone else would take a day and a half, maybe two days, and the cost rises accordingly."

This appears to give Aldred a working day of twelve minutes, but considerably more is involved. Aldred starts a day of filming Studio 57 openings by memorizing the first one, a teaser-type summary of the plot of the drama that follows. A recent one began, "Most doctors become accustomed to patients with imaginary symptoms, so when Pamela . . ." This portion of the opening must run just over twenty-seven seconds, a split-second timing that seems impossible to the layman but is fairly common in radio and television. Aldred's openings are later tacked on the front of the filmed drama, which in turn is studied

with previously filmed Aldred commercials. Each segment must be tailored to the split second to fit into the twenty-nine minutes and twenty seconds assigned the show. The various segments are filmed in separate small studios, usually at different times and often a continent apart.

To accomplish this mathematical oration, Aldred fixes in his mind that the word "office," for example, must come at the ten-second mark and another word, say "Pamela," must be pronounced at twenty-two seconds. His timing mechanism is in his head, and in

his experience. A fantastic proportion of the time, Aldred has it perfect on the first try. If he fails, Merman tells him, "You were a second over, Joel. We'll try it again." Aldred nods, mentally jacks "office" and "Pamela" up a second and usually hits the next take perfectly. Then he must wipe that opening from his memory and start memorizing the next.

"I'm a quick study and a quick forget," he grins. "The latter can be as important as the former."

"A mechanical brain," enthuses Merman. "He's the best in the world."

Merman has never forgotten the two-week ordeal Aldred had working in New York and Hollywood on alternate days, filming for Heinz on the west coast and selling cigarettes, live, for Chesterfields on the Perry Como Show in New York.

"That's when I was first assigned to work with him," Merman recalls. "He would arrive off the plane every other morning. He must have been dog-tired but he never looked it. I'd let him have a shower and rest for an hour. Then he would get into a freshly pressed suit and do commercials and openings until seven or eight o'clock at night. The



Illustrated is "Square-Tex" Pattern No. 946.

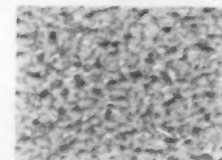
It's NEW!
SQUARE-TEX
makes floors
glow with beauty
for only a few dollars a room

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM

Congoleum Canada Limited, 3700 St. Patrick St., Montreal, Quebec

Gold Seal Congoleum does it again . . . produces another brilliantly designed pattern to make kitchen, bathroom or playroom floors come alive with new beauty! This smart, new decorator pattern can be yours for only a few dollars . . . and it's an extra special "buy" because it's Gold Seal. Only Gold Seal brings you the exclusive Congoleum Wear Layer equal to 8 coats of the finest baked enamel. The famous Gold Seal guarantees you satisfaction. See "Square-Tex" and all the smart Gold Seal patterns at your floor covering dealer's soon . . . See "Jackstraw" the pattern that makes rooms look bigger and "Sequin" the brilliant design for new "dressed-up" floors.

Ask to see Gold Seal Congoleum too—it looks, feels and cleans like ceramic tile but costs only a few cents a foot. Congoleum comes in a wide array of lovely colours, complete with contrasting strip at top. Ideal for bathrooms, kitchens and playrooms.



"Sequin" No. 939



"Square-Tex" No. 947



"Jackstraw" No. 811



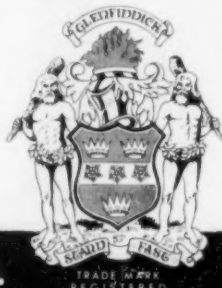
FIRST IN LOVE — SECOND IN SPEED

Loyal, lovable, intelligent and willing, the collie, sheep dog of Scotland, is appreciated for his usefulness, grace, beauty and comradeship. Second only to the greyhound in speed, the collie rates first in love for his master, and also in his sense of responsibility. He would even face death rather than disobey a command.

Grant's

SCOTCH WHISKY

Grant's Scotch Whisky is the International Label of the house of Grant's, a worthy partner of our Best Procurable, for generations a most respected name in Canada.



TIME WILL TELL

"Mom, what's so special about Sisman shoes?"

"Well, Tommy, your feet can be a full size larger in six weeks so you need shoes that give your feet plenty of freedom. And Sisman Shoes are designed to give room and support to growing feet. You see Tommy, Sisman Shoes are designed to ensure foot health in years to come."



Sisman

SHOES FOR YOUNG MEN

"The only school shoe approved and recommended by Sports College".

Lloyd Turner
HEAD COACH

T. Sisman Shoe Co. Ltd., Aurora, Ontario

crew would be exhausted but Joel looked really surprised when I'd say he was finished. 'Already!' he'd say. Then he'd get a plane to New York and start rehearsing the next day for the Perry Como Show. We'd get his suit pressed. Day after that he'd be back again to do Heinz commercials."

Aldred's success has also been attributed to what ad agencies call his believability and sincerity. He is able to talk about food as though the thought of eating was sheer delight; he can bring the same heartiness to home permanents, loan companies, toothpaste and mattresses.

He usually begins, when he has signed a new contract, by buying the product. During the period he was doing Westinghouse commercials, he filled his home with every appliance the company makes and paid the full price for each. He still smokes Chesterfields, and he is planning to sell the custom-made convertible of another make he had ordered before he knew he would be hired by Chevrolet.

Aldred's consecrated approach to selling is inbred; he is the son of a salesman. He was born in Toronto in 1920, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Aldred who now live in Port Perry. His next brother, Bill, was an RCAF pilot who was killed overseas. Another brother, Norman, is a television announcer in Kitchener and a sister, Kay, is in the advertising department of a soap company in Toronto.

Spit-and-polish campaigner

Soon after Joel was born, the family moved to Minneapolis, where the senior Aldred was a division manager for Procter and Gamble. When the Depression struck, Norman Aldred took his family to his home town, Port Perry, and got a job as a traveling salesman. Joel helped the family finances by getting up at four-thirty in the morning to milk Holsteins; later he worked as a Coca-Cola salesman. A month after Canada declared war, Aldred volunteered for the air force. He was a skilled pilot. At twenty-two he was a member of the Visiting Flight, crack instructors who toured Canada testing instructors. During this year he had his appendix removed in the station hospital at Trenton and married his nurse, the former Vina Baggs, of Curling, Newfoundland. Shortly afterward Vina suffered rheumatic fever which permanently damaged her heart and still compels her to live quietly.

In 1943 Aldred was posted overseas and wound up leading a flight of Iroquois Squadron, flying Lancaster bombers on daylight and night missions. He was aghast at the sloppy dress habits of air crews overseas, the wire-ring stiffeners removed from their hats. He strove mightily to correct such untidiness. "I was very unpopular in the air force," he recalls.

At the end of the war Aldred was a squadron leader, commander of Iroquois, and wore the ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross. He also had a savings account; throughout his service career he had stringently saved twenty days' pay in every thirty. In spite of his present wealth he is still known as a prudent spender.

Aldred also returned from England with a partly trained bass voice. Teachers of the Royal Academy of Music in London had coached him, free of charge. Aldred sang one season in Toronto with the Mendelssohn Choir; his most recent professional engagement as a singer was in the front row of a chorus singing, "See the U. S. A. in your Chevrolet..."

When the atom bomb ended the war in the Pacific, Aldred began to consider

tour IRELAND

the delightful way!

LUXURIOUS, ALL-INCLUSIVE
MOTOR COACH TOURS
6, 7, 9, and 12 DAYS
AT LESS THAN \$10 PER DAY!

TYPICAL TOUR...

6 DAYS—Dublin, Wexford, Cork, Blarney

Castle, Killarney, Ring of Kerry, Dublin.

\$56.40 INCLUDING

all transportation, hotels,

meals, admissions—even tips!

Also 12-DAY TOURS OF ALL Ireland.

SPECIAL TRANSPORTATION DURING

AN TOSTAL PERIOD

Ask about Thrift Tour Tickets—

good on all rail services.

BEFORE YOU LEAVE, OBTAIN ALL YOUR

IRISH RAIL AND BUS TRANSPORTATION

AND RESERVATIONS AT CIE HOTELS.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Tour folder and map on request from

IRISH RAILWAYS

69 Yonge Street

Toronto 1, Canada

CORAS

IOMPAIR

EIREANN



For Cuts



THE VASELINE
BRAND IS YOUR
GUARANTEE OF
PURITY

Promotes
Healing

THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR

CUTS OVEN GREASE LIKE MAGIC!



Just spread this miracle jelly
... let set ... then wipe away
even baked-on grease! No
scrapping! No ammonia!
Ovens sparkle!

8 oz. 59¢—16 oz. 98¢

WIZARD Oven Cleaner

When Joel Aldred spoke his mind, the CBC blew a fuse

what his career would be. He tried the University of Toronto for two weeks, studying economics, but lost interest because of the crowded conditions. He applied to Trans-Canada Air Lines for a job as pilot, to take advantage of his flying experience. While he was waiting for the results of his medical test he and Vina went to CFRB one evening to watch Gordon Sinclair at work. Vina was acquainted with the newscaster-columnist.

Aldred listened to Sinclair and shook hands with him afterward. "That looks pretty simple," he observed to Sinclair.

Sinclair, stung, retorted, "If you're so smart, I'll bet you half a dollar that you can't even get an audition for a radio job."

The bet was undistilled fate. Aldred went to the CBC the next day and happened to arrive during an audition for would-be announcers. He was accepted as a staff announcer and embarked on twin lifetime careers of announcing and waiting for Sinclair to pay his bet. "He still owes me fifty cents!" Aldred complains.

In November 1945 Aldred began the tedious task of announcing station breaks every half hour, and meanwhile began to build a foundation under his confidence. The CBC permits its staff announcers, whose basic pay isn't princely, to take what jobs they can get reading commercials on their own time. But it takes fifteen percent of their fees as an "agent's commission." In four months Aldred had been hired on two half-hour commercial shows. Then he did the cut-in announcements from Canada on a U.S. network show. This was followed by the acquisition of the commercials on Ma Perkins, the soap opera. Aldred's loyalty to the soap that sponsored Ma Perkins was extended, a colleague recalls, to Ma herself.

"How can you bear to listen to that ignorant old creature five times a week?" this announcer once asked Aldred.

"I don't know," said Aldred, his face aglow with his noble thought. "I think the world might be a more pleasant place if there were more Ma Perkinses in it."

One of Aldred's shows on CBL, the Toronto CBC station, was a morning disk-jockey effort, in which he embedded a five-minute travelogue called See Ontario First. When the vacation season ended he changed the subject matter to a study of municipal and provincial government. More than five hundred letters a week poured

into the station, many of them requests from schools for copies of the scripts. The Ontario government agreed to help Aldred with the mail.

In the summer of 1948 Aldred was removed abruptly from the morning show. This meant no loss of income, since the show was part of his staff duties. The CBC still insists that this was done because Aldred was ignoring such rules as clearing institutional-type

announcements through the proper department. Aldred believes he was dropped because he was discussing a Progressive-Conservative government. Both sides in the dispute still declare that the other is not telling the truth.

Late in the fall of 1948 the Montreal Standard sent a writer to interview Aldred for a magazine story, since he was then recognized as one of the top ten announcers in the country. The

writer, David Willock, found a seething subject. Aldred outlined his grievances with the CBC, which included his removal from the morning show and the CBC's system of claiming fifteen percent of all commercial fees earned by staff announcers. The CBC regards this as a legitimate agent's fee; Aldred feels that he landed his commercial contracts without CBC assistance.

The CBC suffered something close to apoplexy when the article appeared in April of 1949. The late Dr. Augustin Frigon, then CBC general manager, demanded that Aldred retract his com-



The property

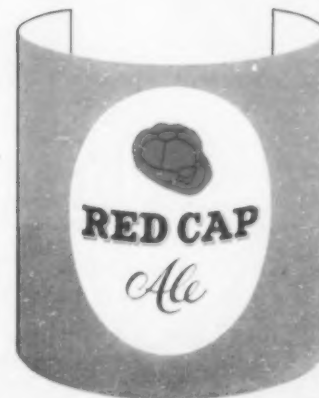
The pump has the pip, and is losing its grip—
The plumbing goes gullup . . . with gusto;
The furnace is vicious, unkind and malicious,
And threatens to blow up and busto!
The chimney's afflicted and sadly addicted
To heavy, habitual smoking;
The fireplace sputters with faint-hearted mutters,
And drives us forth strangling and choking;
We love the old house, and its price was full dear,
But the bulk of our purchase is sheer atmosphere!

PATIENCE EDEN

the chap in the red cap gets tough with harshness

If anything will spoil an ale, it's harshness. Like everybody else, Carling's boils the extract of barley with hops. Then, Carling's goes one exclusive step further. During this 'kettling', as it is called, pressure is applied so that only the finest and most desirable parts of the hops are extracted and used in the finished ale.

Pressure kettling is one reason why Red Cap tastes so much better than other ales. As the chap in the red cap points out, it is another of the reasons why . . .



the best brews in the world come from **CARLING'S**

(Advertisement)



WHEN IN THE MARITIMES ASK FOR

Moosehead
PALE ALE

Alpine
LAGER BEER



ments on CBC salary policy. They violated, Frigon said, the CBC's oath of secrecy. Aldred refused. A series of heated interviews with his employers followed and he was threatened with dismissal.

"It's most unusual to be fired from the CBC," Aldred muses acidly. "It just never happens, and incompetence is certainly no grounds for it."

Through a member of parliament Aldred informed George Drew of his impending dismissal. Drew expressed interest. On April 29 Aldred received his letter of dismissal, to be effective immediately. "You've thrown away your future with the CBC," John Kannawin, then director of presentation, told him. "Don't worry," said Aldred coldly, "I'll make out."

Aldred phoned Ottawa and read the letter to Drew's secretary. A few minutes later Drew announced the firing on the floor of the House. Newspapers all over Canada erupted. Aldred himself wrote a front-page story for the Toronto Telegram. A CBC spokesman commented that Aldred was fired because "he publicly expressed dissatisfaction with the terms under which he worked."

Aldred began a series of platform speeches around Ontario in support of Progressive-Conservative candidates. His subject was the CBC, and he dealt with what he called wasteful spending, underpaid staffs, over-staffing and a badly handled promotional campaign. At Callander on June 25, 1949, he called the CBC "a wonderful example of socialistic monopoly at work."

Aldred's income, which had been twelve thousand a year before he was fired, wasn't seriously affected. Since CBC radio doesn't have control over the personnel of its sponsored shows, Aldred's contracts to read commercials were untouched. He continued to work in CBC studios and his presence in the CBC basement cafeteria was electric.

"Most people were afraid to speak to me at all," he recalls, "in case they were seen. But a few far-sighted ones were concerned that the Progressive Conservatives might win the approaching election and that I might then be a power in the CBC."

Between announcing chores on such sponsored shows as the Breakfast Club and Lorne Greene's newscasts, Aldred built himself a home in a luxurious section of north Toronto. His fortunes continued to improve. He turned down NBC and CBS offers of jobs as staff announcer in New York because he felt he wasn't ready. In 1952 he was one of thirty male announcers who auditioned for the first commercial show CBC television would have. He got the job, delivering Westinghouse commercials on The Big Revue, which later was switched to Studio One. Aldred discovered, to his own amazement, that he could memorize a two-minute script in twenty minutes.

With his first commercial on television, Aldred broadened his homework, which is studying himself. Through listening to his voice delivering commercials on records, he had eliminated the over-enunciation that plagued his early work. He set up a projector in his recreation room and watched himself sell refrigerators. He observed that he had a habit of lifting one foot slightly as he neared the end of his commercial; later he decided that he was moving his hands too much, distracting attention from what he was saying; recently he noted that he was shrugging his shoulders slightly. All these movements were corrected.

Early in 1953 Aldred received an offer to do television commercials from New York for Fireside Theatre and his wife Vina decided that through the magic of the air age Aldred could keep his eggs in two baskets. He retained all his Toronto radio contracts and commuted. (Aldred's luck with the weather

"Incompetence is no grounds for being fired from the CBC," Aldred says acidly

factor that controls airline flights has been phenomenal. On more than six hundred flights he has made in recent years, he was grounded only once. Toronto's Malton Airport was fog-bound a few months ago, so he drove one hundred miles to Buffalo and got a plane there for California.)

In July of 1953 Aldred's frantic schedule eased. He spent three days a week in New York, filming commercials for Bristol-Myers for use on *The Man Behind the Badge*. He also did live commercials on an RCA Victor summer replacement show, *The Goldbergs*. A year later he was hired on the Perry Como Show and he frequently was greeted on the streets of New York with the rolling tones of his opening line on the show: "In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield." He was doing all the Heinz commercials on television for the United States and Canada and all the Household Finance commercials on radio for both countries. In Chatham, Ont., an elderly man to whom a loan was refused indignantly told the manager, "I'll go to Joel Aldred about this!"

At the present time Aldred has only two television sponsors, Heinz and General Motors, though other companies are still using filmed commercials he made for them a year ago. Since announcer identification with a product is such a part of television, major accounts now control how many sponsors an announcer can carry. Both of Aldred's sponsors have the right to veto the one other major sponsor they permit Aldred.

How to become the best

Aldred is aware that the life expectancy of a television commercial announcer is limited. He is keeping most of his blond hair, his teeth are fine and he watches his diet. Nevertheless he is making preparations for an obese, balding future. Two years ago he founded Fifeshire Motion Pictures Limited, a company that will produce filmed shows for television. He has started with pilot films starring Lloyd Percival, director of Sports College, and Rosemary Boxer, a fashion expert, which he says sponsors in both Canada and the United States find interesting. "Eventually, the CBC will have to use them," Aldred says with satisfaction.

Aldred also owns a two-hundred-acre farm near Port Perry where he intends this summer to graze a herd of western cattle. By the time the government is ready to grant a private TV license in the Toronto area Aldred intends to be among the applicants. In the meantime he is studying Hollywood methods of producing television films because he thinks that's how to become the best.

This facet of his character was illustrated some years ago by a young man who auditioned before CBC staffer Steve Brodie for a job as announcer.

"I hear you have Squadron Leader Aldred working for you," said the young man.

"That's right," answered Brodie. "Do you know him?"

"Mr. Brodie, I'll never forget him. When I was a student pilot at Hagersville he walked up to me one day and said, 'You're a very lucky man. You've just been assigned to be my student and I'm the best instructor in Canada.' And Mr. Brodie, he was."

A few weeks ago Aldred remarked that he was interested in politics and intends to be active on the Canadian scene within the next ten years.

"At what level?" enquired a friend. "You know me," murmured Aldred thoughtfully. "At the prime minister level." ★

Is the western alliance breaking up?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

neutralizing the military power of France.

Meanwhile, we of the West, stuck with our static policy of containment, with atomic stockpiles we will not and dare not use unless we are first at-

tacked, are no longer the containers; we are in grave danger of becoming the contained, surrounded by a world of Soviet allies and Soviet-influenced neutrals, with time working against us and for them.

In short the Soviets have a plan, a policy—clear, concise, flexible enough to take immediate advantage of our every error, brilliantly and ruthlessly executed.

What grand strategy do we offer to counteract the Soviet plan? On the military level we have no unifying influence. General Alfred Gruenther,

the supreme commander, is a brilliant and pleasant man who makes no pretense of being a public personality. His deputy, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, makes some effort to fill the gap. He constantly flies about Europe and occasionally America, reviewing honor guards, delivering cute though seldom clever speeches, and generally making no impression at all. As a unifying influence, Gina Lollobrigida could do as well, if not better.

On the political level, the situation must be termed one of almost indescribable chaos. The rivalries, the

Now! Your chance to travel!



Vacation today... take 24 months to pay on B.O.A.C.'s new **Ticket Installment Plan!**



Stop dreaming... start planning. There's nothing to stop you now! No longer any need to save for "next year." Take a T.I.P. trip today... up to 2 years to pay! B.O.A.C.'s new Canadian Ticket Installment Plan lets you travel abroad *right now!*

Here's how it works: Pick a place—Britain—Europe—*anywhere*. Pay only 10% now. Up to 24 months to budget the balance! For either de luxe first-class Monarch and Majestic or economical Coronet tourist service, use T.I.P. to cover everything from air fares to complete "package" tours.

Bring the family along—at huge savings—on B.O.A.C.'s Family Fare Plan, good through March 31st.

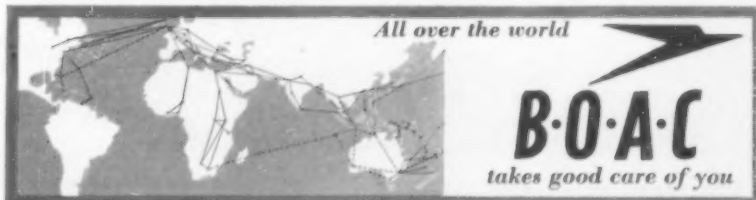
And remember, when you fly B.O.A.C., you speed to your destination in the quietest, most comfortable airliners in the world. Distinctive service. Delicious meals—compliments of B.O.A.C. Travel royal... fly B.O.A.C. See your Travel Agent today for complete details on B.O.A.C.'s new Canadian Ticket Installment Plan.

Rates shown below are based on round-trip tourist off-season fares from Montreal.

LONDON \$48 down

BERMUDA \$13 down

PARIS \$51 down



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Montreal • Toronto • Winnipeg • Vancouver

FOR A WELCOME CHANGE



COOL · SMOOTH · SATISFYING

GERANIUMS 10¢



Special Package

Wonderful as house plants, for window boxes, gardens. Large flowerheads. Gorgeous mixed colours. Easy-growing variety. Collection No. 537. FREE—Coloured flower and vegetable seed catalogue. Postpaid.

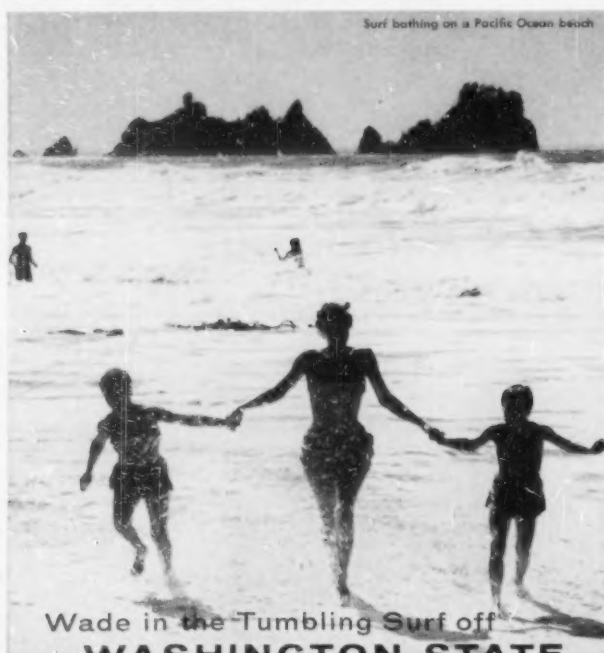
HICK'S SEEDS, Box 3, Lindsay, Ont.

Worry of

FALSE TEETH

Slipping or Irritating?

Don't be embarrassed by loose false teeth slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, talk or laugh. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This pleasant powder gives a remarkable sense of added comfort and security by holding plates more firmly. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.



You'll also want to visit:



MOUNT RAINIER
Recreation-filled national park

TACOMA
Salmon fishing near heart of city

SUN LAKES
STATE PARK
Fishing, boating, golf

OLYMPIC
PENINSULA
Ocean surf, national park

CHIEF JOSEPH
DAM
Photogenic, scenic wonder

Wade in the Tumbling Surf off
WASHINGTON STATE

Exhilarating ocean bathing—boating, fishing, golf, sightseeing, spectacular scenery—all these and more await your vacation trip to green, great Washington State. Fine highways and modern accommodations, too, wherever you go.

SEND TODAY—for this beautiful, full-color booklet picturing Washington State vacation attractions:

Yours for the asking:

other booklets describing your special interest in:

☐ RECREATION ☐ PHOTOGRAPHY
☐ CRUISING ☐ MOUNTAINS and PARKS
☐ FISHING (Check the ones you want)



WASHINGTON STATE ADVERTISING COMMISSION
Room No. M561, Transportation Bldg.
Olympia, Washington
Please send me your FREE natural color booklet on Washington State.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____
PLEASE PRINT

"The Soviets can chuckle happily. The NATO nations are in a state of bedlam"

enemies, the lack of some semblance of a unifying policy—all make one marvel at the continued existence of an orderly NATO command.

The story is told in Paris of a section of General Gruenther's headquarters headed by a senior Greek officer. His chief assistant is a Turkish officer. On the morning after the violent anti-Greek riots in the streets of Istanbul, the Greek and Turkish officers sat at their adjoining desks in deadly silence. When a problem in logistics was handed in by a runner, the Greek officer studied it, then tossed a copy across to his chief assistant and growled, "All right, you Turkish murderer, let's go to work on this."

This, then, is a partial record of a reporter's journey across a Europe "united" by NATO against the common enemy:

In the Balkans and the Middle East, the Soviets can well afford to sit back, chuckling happily. The NATO nations, presumably forming a protective tier, are in a state of bedlam.

A high-ranking member of the Greek foreign ministry, speaking to me for background, suddenly cracked a wide smile and said with immense satisfaction, "France is finished as a military factor in Europe. Greece today can put more divisions in the field than France or any other European nation. We have succeeded France as the No. 1 continental power."

The remark was illustrative of the feeling in Greece today. Our key ally in the Mediterranean has two arch-enemies: Britain (on account of Cyprus) and Turkey (on racial, religious and traditional grounds). It makes a habit of deriding France and Italy as part of a new birth of Panhellenism. The Soviet threat scarcely touches the Greek consciousness.

The Turks reciprocate the Greek feelings with occasional violence, murder and looting of Greek expatriates in Turkish cities. The British frankly distrust Greek motives and capabilities in the eastern Mediterranean. A spokesman told me, "The Greeks would be tied hand and foot in any crisis. They

have huge and wealthy Greek minorities spread all over the Middle East and they wouldn't lift a finger for fear it would endanger their compatriots."

The situation is further bedeviled by a lively, if unpublicized, bitterness between the British, the Americans and the French over Arab and North African affairs. Anti-British disturbances in Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Egypt are being largely stirred up by agents paid by Saudi Arabia whose entire economy is based on oil royalties from American companies. Oil being a holy word, Washington hesitates to interfere, even in the face of repeated British representations. Meanwhile, the French claim that British arms going to Egypt under treaty obligations are finding their way into the hands of Tunisian, Algerian and Moroccan rebels, but treaty obligations to the Arabs being a holy term in Whitehall, the British cannot drive themselves to talk about it on a practical political level.

As if all this weren't amusement enough for the Soviets who are daily increasing their political and economic influence in the Middle East, Tito of Yugoslavia—another bulwark in our Mediterranean defense line—is allowing unimpeded transit facilities for Czech armaments to reach Alexandria.

Moving west, we come to Rome, and here we find some respite from the rivalries and infidelities of the Middle East. One thing that can be said for the Italians is that they hate nobody. They can't afford to. They are wrestling with their terrible twin problems of the biggest Communist Party membership outside of Soviet Russia and a tightening economic paralysis which makes them dependent on American aid. A diplomat of thirty-five years' service, speaking in the privacy of his residence, commented sadly, "The Italian preoccupation is the traditional one—to seek a safe berth in a stormy world. Today it is the Americans who offer them their haven. Tomorrow—who knows? There is no strong political leadership. There are only men guiding the country along



from day to day, happy enough to keep out of serious trouble."

France, the essential keystone in the whole NATO defense structure, has reached a state of political chaos unparalleled since the end of the war. The Socialist, Guy Mollet, has just taken over the premiership. The Daily Telegraph of London echoes European opinion: "Conceived in fear, born in ridicule, his chances of survival, let alone of effective government, are laughably slim."

What comes after Mollet? The French, unwilling to trust a centre government, have a choice between the Communists, who form the largest single bloc in the National Assembly with one hundred and fifty seats, and the rocketing new neo-Fascist party headed by Pierre Poujade. So far as NATO is concerned, the choice is tragic. Communist intentions toward the collective security system in the West are well enough known. The Poujadist intentions are no more promising.

A senior lieutenant of Pierre Poujade told me in Paris, "There will be another election in six months, and then we will have not fifty but two hundred seats. Then France will be a home for Frenchmen once more and to the devil with the foreigners, the Americans, the Israelite internationalists and all the other entanglements that have been strangling our country."

How long will Germany wait?

We come to Germany, the pivot and balance wheel of European security. And here in the very heart of Europe we find the widest, deepest, most impenetrable cleavage between the principal allies of the North Atlantic pact.

The problem of Germany may be simply stated. The close-knit, nationalistic German people, divided since 1945, have one supreme ambition: to be reunited. There is no question of doubt that they will be reunited in the foreseeable future; a people as rich, powerful and resilient as the Germans will not be diverted from this natural urge. The question is: under what conditions will reunification take place? It can be accomplished either through direct bilateral negotiation between Bonn and Moscow, or as part of a general European security agreement in which all the interested powers will take part. The United States declines resolutely to be budged from its present policy of standing pat on a rearméd West Germany and, in effect, waiting for the Soviets to give up voluntarily their slice of East Germany. The other principal allies, notably Canada and Britain, feel that time is running against us, that we should negotiate German reunification now, while we have something to bargain with. The day will come inevitably, perhaps swiftly, when the German people will weary of the long wait and negotiate by themselves.

The surest way of throwing a diplomatic dinner party into consternation is to ask the question: what happens when Adenauer dies? The "indestructible German" is eighty years old, and as long as he lives we can depend on the Bonn republic orienting its policy in favor of the West. But the heartbeat of an eighty-year-old man is a precarious thread on which to balance the fate of Europe.

By far the worst-kept secret in the chancelleries of Europe is the diplomatic battle over German reunification—not between the Soviets and ourselves, but between John Foster Dulles and the other Western powers.

In the light of this picture of the NATO alliance, it is small wonder that the Eisenhower-Eden communiqué of

last February I brought hollow laughter all over Europe and most especially from the Kremlin:

"We affirm that the North Atlantic Treaty is essential to our common security. We regard this association as far more than a military alliance. We welcome the increasing range of consultation in the Council on political and other problems . . . We support further progress on the Continent toward unity, both political and economic . . ."

Platitudes, platitudes, platitudes—and not a single plan.

What's wrong? How can it be put right?

Out of a welter of discussions and observations, three points emerge:

(1) The West lacks leadership. The plaint was made all over Europe in varying forms: "The West is drifting without a strong arm at the helm." Or, "There is no single individual to provide a unifying influence." Or, most commonly, "We need a great man."

The last great man in the Western world was the Churchill of 1950. For a time it was believed that Eisenhower would emerge as the supreme leader

and inspirer of a close-knit Western alliance, but this hope has long since passed. In the chancelleries of Europe the president is secretly regarded as a far cry from the great man we need. He lacks the inner strength, the instinct, the inspiration. Sir Anthony Eden has been a shocking disappointment as an international leader. One diplomat said to me, "The only Western leader with an element of greatness is Adenauer. But he was born twenty-five years too soon and of the wrong nationality." Another diplomat, surprisingly enough, expressed a nostalgic longing for Harry

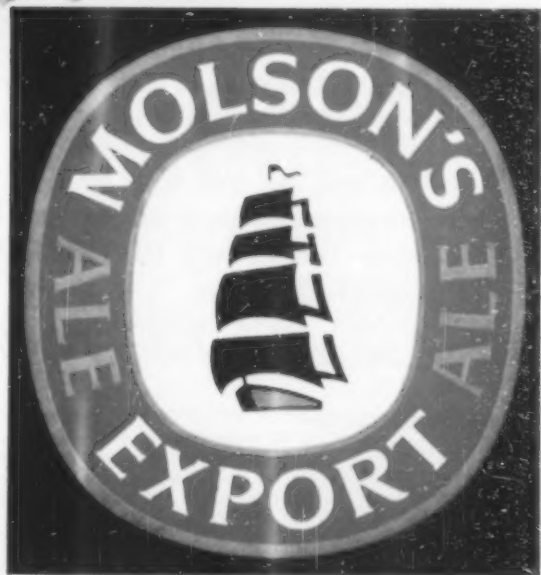
Thoughts at quitting time



NOW for...

Here's a man who's heading home to a deep armchair and some quiet relaxation.

Right now he's thinking of mellow, full-bodied Export Ale that's going to make his evening just right. There's nothing like Molson's Export Ale to take the edge off fatigue and give a man the solid satisfaction of drinking an ale with real character.



MOLSON'S EXPORT • CANADA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE
SOLD COAST TO COAST



Will YOU have an independent income?

Now is the time to arrange through a **CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY** for the little it will take to brighten the days when you must stop working. You can purchase an Annuity **NOW** to come due at age 50, 55, 60 or 65, or other ages.

HERE IS AN EXAMPLE — Suppose you are a man of 28 and want an Annuity of \$100 a month, beginning at 65. Your monthly premium would be \$16.44.

AT AGE 65 the Government will begin paying you \$100 a month as long as you live! If you die within 10 years after age 65, the monthly payments will continue to your heirs for the balance of that 10 years. Thus, you will have paid \$7,299.36 for a minimum return of \$12,000.00 — which will be even greater if you live past 75!

IF YOU DIE BEFORE 65 the Government will pay your heirs the total sum paid up to the date of your death plus 4% compound interest.

There are several plans to choose from. For detailed information, consult your **DISTRICT ANNUITIES REPRESENTATIVE**, or

Mail the coupon below, POSTAGE FREE.

FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES	To: Director, Canadian Government Annuities, Department of Labour, Ottawa, (Postage Free) 56-LA-4M Please send me complete information on Canadian Government Annuities.
	My name is _____ (Mr./Mrs./Miss) I live at _____ Date of Birth _____ Age when annuity to start _____ Telephone _____ I understand that information given will be held strictly confidential.

Truman, saying, "He was not great, but after Churchill passed his prime, he was the best we had. At least he was trusted, his policies were bold and concise, and they worked well."

(2) The most glaring weaknesses of the Western position derive from the person of the U. S. Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. This was one point on which I found practical unanimity all over Europe. The opinions ranged from, "The worst secretary of state the Americans have had in fifty years," to, "He is a peculiar man, brilliant at times, unbelievably erratic at others, but on balance he has more errors than credits in his record."

Dulles' policies are a reflection of his personality which is volatile and completely unpredictable, a combination of charm and brusqueness and bluster. His most glaring weakness is his blind reliance on the threat of force, a tactic that has earned him the mistrust of most of his European allies except, conceivably, Spain. Far from being the unifying influence the West needs so desperately, he has been an abrasive in the machinery of Western diplomacy. Eisenhower's complete trust in the man is one of the primary reasons for the paradox that the most popular president and military leader in recent world history should have failed so markedly to fill the void in Western leadership. The automatic reaction in European foreign ministries to the news that Dulles is about to make a trip overseas is, "To the shelters, gentlemen!"

(3) The West has placed too great an emphasis on its system of military alliances. This point reveals almost nakedly the failure of Western diplomacy in the last three years and the contrasting effectiveness of the flexible Soviet policy. It is a strange and frightening fact that the Soviet Union, which has imposed Communist regimes on its satellites by the sheer weight of armed force, should now be hailed by the uncommitted regions of the world as a warm friend and an incipient benefactor. The reason is clear enough. Confronted by a military stalemate that makes global war virtually impossible, the Soviet leaders switched the main direction of their policy almost overnight. To the Orient they offer arms and economic aid without demanding an iron-clad military pact in return. To the Indians they offer economic co-operation without strings. To the Arabs they offer arms for surplus cotton without slipping a treaty on to the negotiating table. The Soviets want influence, not military pacts, and they are succeeding in gaining influence in every strategic vacuum in Asia and the Middle East.

In contrast to this superb flexibility, we of the West remain committed to a static system of military alliances. We give more to the backward areas of the world than the Soviets have or probably ever will, but we always demand something in return—something worthless in this age of the hydrogen bomb—a guarantee, a pact, an alliance.

The Soviets have correctly judged the temper of the uncommitted peoples of the world. To these "neutrals" war is not only impossible, it is unthinkable. The Russians have been able to swing their diplomatic and economic strength into effective play because they understand the people they are dealing with.

Our diplomacy, on the other hand, remains old-fashioned, static, essentially military, almost worthless. The virtues we represent—freedom, democracy, humanity—are being wasted.

In short, the West needs not only a great man to unify it but also a great declaration of policy. We have neither, here nor on the horizon. The time is short and the outlook is darkening. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

now when they must, and finding the money somehow; Maritime governments are putting up large sums for those who can't pay anything. A general insurance scheme for which they will pay less than half the total cost is bound to be less of a drain in the long run than the present system. But the Maritimes are even less likely than Manitoba to press their way into the van.

IF OTTAWA GOT formal acceptances from six provinces by April, or even May, the federal statute for national health insurance would probably be passed at this session of parliament. But that is only the second step, and the third will take longer.

Only after Ottawa has passed a federal law can six or more provinces enact provincial laws to take advantage of it. Even Saskatchewan and British Columbia will probably have some amendments to make; Saskatchewan, for instance, doesn't now provide diagnostic services to patients not in hospital.

It's quite beyond hope that six provinces could all do such a job at the current sessions of their legislatures, even in the improbable event that Ottawa's law might be passed in time. They could call special sessions during the summer, as some of them may do, but again it's unlikely that six or more could show such well co-ordinated haste. For one thing, four of them are due for provincial elections this year.

So next autumn is the earliest possible time—and next winter the earliest likely—when six or more provinces will have health insurance systems in being. There will still remain the task, a formal but a fussy one, of signing agreements with Ottawa for the sharing of health insurance costs. Then and only then will federal money for this purpose begin to flow into provincial treasuries.

But though it will take longer than some Canadians had hoped to get health insurance started, there may be only a short gap between start and completion. Most of the provinces now hesitating are doing so for purely financial reasons, and these may be dispelled when the plan is more widely understood. As for Quebec—the only province likely to stay out on grounds of principle—her spokesmen have been

silent but friendly and interested. The betting in Ottawa is that if the federal law is drafted with due respect for provincial autonomy, and if it is presented without any provocative challenges, Quebec will quietly and unobtrusively go along with the other provinces before the scheme has been long in operation.

THE REASON for all this amity is Ottawa's brilliantly flexible formula for sharing the costs. Many people worked on it, but the basic idea came from George Davidson, deputy minister of welfare.

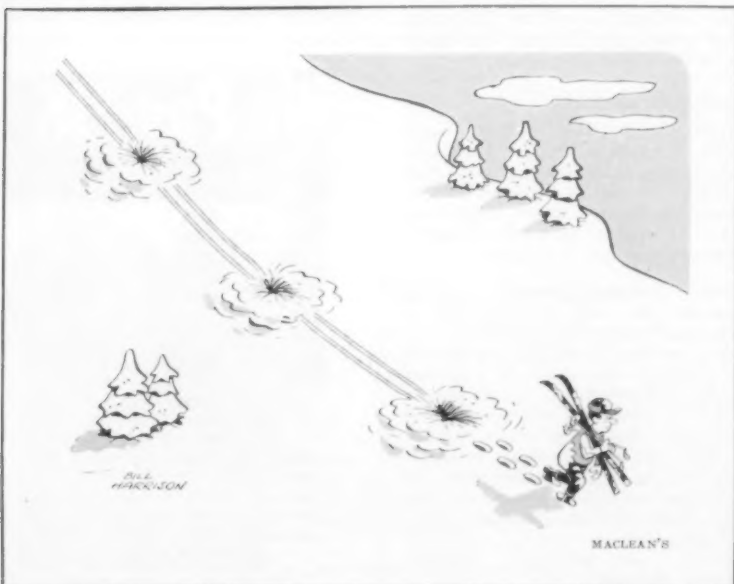
British Columbia's costs of hospital operation are the highest in Canada, Newfoundland's the lowest. If Ottawa had simply offered to pay half the cost of health insurance in each province, British Columbia would have received a fabulous amount per capita, Newfoundland would have got a pittance, and the other provinces would be spread out in between.

If, on the other hand, Ottawa had offered to pay half the national average cost of hospital operation, British Columbia would have been the province with a grievance. Half the national average would be only a small fraction of the burden B. C. taxpayers are carrying for hospital insurance. Newfoundland at the other extreme would have got almost enough from Ottawa to pay for health insurance outright, and might even have had some over.

The problem was to hit upon a sliding scale that would slide in two directions—one way for percentage of total cost, the other way for contributions per capita. Davidson split Ottawa's share in two and found that it worked out beautifully; the province that gets the lowest percentage from Ottawa gets the largest amount per capita, while the province with the lowest per capita gets the highest percentage. The other eight are lined up between, in the same order for both scales:

	PERCENTAGE OF COST	PER CAPITA
NEWFOUNDLAND	71	\$8.77
P.E.I.	65	9.27
N.B.	59	9.89
N.S.	57	10.21
QUEBEC	53	10.91
MANITOBA	51	11.21
ONTARIO	49	11.77
SASK.	47	12.22
ALBERTA	46	12.36
B.C.	45	12.84

It's pretty hard for any province, looking at that table, to argue that any other province is getting a better break. So far, none has even tried. ★



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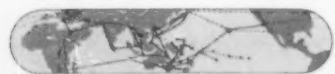
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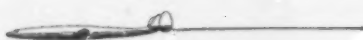
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Mailbag

LETTERS BEGIN ON PAGE 8

The Heather Spears controversy

May I jump into the controversy over the Heather Spears story (The Only Sensible Thing To Do, Dec. 10) at this late date? I have just read it as I looked it up in a back issue after reading the letters about it. Those readers who thought the story was about a dog and liked it "up to the last eight lines" missed the point in my opinion. If their sympathy could be so elicited for a dog, why the rude shock on discovering it was a retarded child? . . . It seems to me that these readers failed to see the poignant sympathy of Miss Spears for her subject and accuse her of the cruelty and indifference they themselves feel.—Ruth Doehler, Toronto.

● The story was the product of a sensitive, imaginative and highly creative mind. Judging by the letters to the editors many of your readers seem to be functioning exclusively at the Anne of Green Gables and Jalna level that anything more socially conscious and subtle is considered obscene.—Maureen Bendick, Ottawa.

Call of the North

Your editorial, Why Can't We Get Our Money's Worth From CBC Television? (Jan. 21), was interesting and ironic, inasmuch as up here we haven't even got decent radio. You infer that the CBC should serve the public. If that is so, why doesn't the CBC install at least a 10,000-watt station here to serve the Yukon? The people here pay taxes to support it, the same as anywhere else. The present system here is woefully inadequate . . . —H. L. Walton, Whitehorse, Yukon.

The métis who drowned

Denys Goulet, of Ottawa (Mailbag, Jan. 7), makes a grave charge against the Ontario Rifles stationed at Fort Garry in 1870. Years of research on that era of our history assure me that he is unable to substantiate his charge. He says: "My grandfather, Elzear Goulet . . . was stoned to death, from the shore (of the Red River), by two members of the Ontario Rifles . . . The two men were never brought to trial."

Sir Samuel Steele, in his book, Forty Years in Canada, states that only two buglers of the Ontario Rifles, mere lads, were present in the crowd when Goulet jumped into the Red. No other soldiers were present, or took part in the chase. Shots were fired as Goulet attempted to swim across the river and he sank.

My uncle was one of the members of No. 7 Company of the Ontario Rifles and I am jealous of the honor of these troops. They are all dead and cannot defend themselves . . . —Constance Kerr Sissons, Whitby, Ont.

Our lovely Mr. Arbuckle

Your Mr. Arbuckle's Feb. 4 cover was lovely. His artful use of color and design conveyed an intense, photographic quality. And that large, woolly policeman impressed me.—Isobel McDonald, Vancouver.

What is a greenstone?

Blair Fraser's article, The Fairy Tale Romance of the Canadian Shield (Dec. 24), states on page 42: "These silts long since compacted into hard rock by the pressures of a shrinking earth are called greenstones."

I have always understood and assumed that the greenstones (andesites), at least those in the northwestern edge of the shield, are volcanic rocks . . . —J. A. Lacoste, Clinton, B.C.

Prospector Lacoste is correct.

The lonely children

Your scholarly article, The Lonely Children (Jan. 21), is one of the best articles on schizophrenia in children I have read. Clinical psychologists in our research department feel it is one of the most important articles on this subject they have seen in lay publications and that it should be helpful to parents, teachers and others concerned with the growth and development of children . . . —Dr. Wendell C. Lanton, Research Department, Community Consolidated Schools, Evanston, Ill.

● . . . Invaluable . . . —Mrs. Marie Laprade, Edmonton.

● The launching of the research project on schizophrenia in children was made possible through the interest shown by Dr. Wm. A. Hawke, director of the Clinic for Psychological Medicine of the Hospital for Sick Children . . . Assisting me in this work are Dr. Harley R. Wideman, Mr. John K. Thomas, psychologists, and Miss Mora Skelton, psychiatric social worker. In addition to these, help has been given by many colleagues, including Dr. Norma Ford Walker, genetics; Dr. John Darte, haematology; Dr. William J. Spence, orthodontia; Dr. E. Chant Robertson; and Mr. D. B. Q. Reid, biometrics . . . —Dr. W. R. Keeler, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

Bringing Ed back home

. . . A minor mistake in the article, They'll Never Kill Off the Crafty Crow (Dec. 10). My name was used thusly: "A U. S. duck hunter, Col. E. S. Russenholt, used to tip his hat when-



ever he saw a flock of crows. 'The best damn duck hunters in the world,' he would say bitterly."

Presumably, Franklin Russell quotes this item from the book, Crow Shooting, by my good friend Bert Popowski . . . Now I don't mind Russell adding the bit of profanity (for color and emphasis)—but "a U. S. duck hunter"? Please bring me back home: I was born in Uxbridge, Ont.—Ed. S. Russenholt, Winnipeg.

Our apologies to reader Russenholt whose outdoor-life TV show, Ed Sez, is featured by CBW, Winnipeg.

The biggest landlords

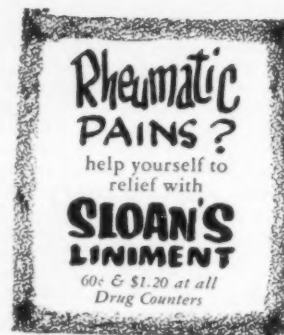
Peter C. Newman, author of the article, Canada's Biggest Landlords (Feb. 4), was informed incorrectly that David E. Bennett, of Principal Investments Ltd., was a bachelor. That is not true . . . —Mrs. David E. Bennett, Toronto.

● Peter Newman reported . . . "the Bennetts also own the majority of Canadian Famous Players theatres . . ."

As a matter of fact, the majority of the theatres operated by Famous Players and associated companies are owned by Famous Players and those companies. The Bennetts own only one of the 400-odd theatres presently operated by Famous Players and associated companies . . . More than eight thousand Canadians are shareholders in Famous Players . . . —R. W. Bolstad, vice-president, Famous Players, Toronto. ★



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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Croydon snaps snow in Saskatchewan.



Hunter goes aloft over northern Ontario.

Pictures that tell the story

EVERY day in every way we continue to be impressed by the old Oriental cliché about a picture being worth ten thousand words, and we hope the results of this ancient philosophy are at least occasionally apparent in the pages of Maclean's. And we've chased so many photographers to so many out-of-the-way places recently that we thought we ought to salute them officially in these columns.

Take George Hunter, for instance, who had to hire an airplane to take the photo on pages 18 and 19. Last year he traveled from Acapulco, Mexico, to the Mackenzie Valley shooting aerials on various assignments. He was obviously the right man to portray the firm imprint of civilization on the Precambrian wilderness of northern Ontario.

Or take Peter Croydon, who is handling most of the western photographs to illustrate the Bruce Hutchison series. (He also produced the brilliant scenes of southern Ontario in our last issue.) Croydon, who is now somewhere in the far places of the Peace River, tells us that he has had very little sleep on these assignments. One of his Ontario photographs, of the St. Lawrence seaway, was taken at midnight. Another was shot just after dawn

broke. In Saskatchewan most of his shooting took place in thirty-below weather with the wind blowing near gale force.

So far Croydon, Hunter and Ronny Jaques have taken two thousand four-color photographs for us on the Hutchison assignment and we expect before it's over the number will exceed four thousand. Of these we'll use between thirty and forty—perhaps fewer. Strangely enough, the photographers themselves don't seem to mind this ruthless selection.

A different kind of photo assignment is also illustrated in this issue on pages 14 and 15. The ancient pictures of Toronto were taken by a remarkable photographer named William James who delighted in photographing what he felt would come to have a historical interest. Recently we purchased rights to James' magnificent collection, and you'll be hearing more about these later on. We gave Ron Vickers a file of James' photos of early Toronto and asked him to match each scene as of now. He spent weeks on the job, consulting old directories, ferreting out elderly citizens, and even knocking on doors to find the Original Resident. The result, we think, is most intriguing. ★



MACLEAN'S

To err is human

Artist Duncan Macpherson admits under pressure that he didn't actually see this issue's cover incident happen when he was poking about auto-assembly plants looking for an idea. But he felt that it would be nice if it did, once in a while—just to prove that among all that superb machine precision there was always an opportunity for a human being to goof. Only way it could be avoided would be to build in an automatic driver.

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- ★ **GYPSY BARON** (Strauss): Graf, soprano; Miller, baritone; Kuntz, tenor; Radio Zurich Ork., Godefr. cond.
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- ★ **MESSIAH** (Handel): Adrienne Cole, soprano; Krap, contralto; Larsen, tenor; Chorus Handel Society, Godefr. cond.
- ★ **IL TROVATORE** (Verdi): Opawsky, soprano; Lorie, contralto; Larsen, tenor; Netherlands Philharmonic, Godefr. cond.
- ★ **CORONATION OF POPPEA** (Monteverdi): Godefr. cond.; Helbing, mezzo-soprano; Kelsch, bass; Chorus, Godefr. cond.
- ★ **LA BELLE HELENE** (Offenbach): Bran, tenor; Janine Linda, soprano; Paris Phil. and Chorus, Leibowitz, cond.

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A PARADE scout in Victoria who has nothing better to do than hang around the Unemployment Insurance office reports that the federal civil servants there discovered a while ago that in the process of bureaucratic bookkeeping they had all been done out of a day's time. Whether the government contested the claim or why, if it was legitimate, each of the staff didn't take an extra day off in turn, we don't know. Instead, for a couple of months now they have all been closing up and going home three minutes early.

...

The woman in Vankleek Hill, Ont., thought it rather sweet of her school-teacher husband, and certainly original, when as a little gift he phoned up on his own and made an appointment for her at the hairdresser's. However, the hairdresser looked somewhat surprised when she appeared, declaring, "I scarcely knew whether to take your husband seriously or not. Never had a husband to do that before, dearie. You really must have been looking like something the cat dragged in!"

Not at all disturbed the customer thought about it a moment and replied, "Well, maybe he just happened to look at me first thing in the morning, for a change."

...

The couple from Trail, B.C., were going through Customs on their way back from a week-end visit to Spokane, Wash., and their three preschoolers were greatly intrigued by the revenueurs going through luggage and car trunk. With the all-clear sign from the Customs man they were bundled back into the car, and the family was just making its getaway when the four-year-old boy



stuck his head out the window and yelled delightedly, "Fooled you, didn't we!" Confiscated: their complete dashboard cache of liquor and cigarettes.

...

We're glad to report that all those malicious rumors have been firmly laid to rest in the little town near Tofield, Alta., with the news story headed, "Former local boy wed at Jasper United Church decently."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Mice have been driving the clerk nearly crazy in a Strathmore, Alta., hardware store, and in a most unusual manner. A customer brings in a window that needs a new pane of glass; the clerk cuts and installs the pane; but by the time the customer returns the mice have nibbled all the fresh putty out of the window again. They like the linseed oil in the putty, apparently.

Well, the nightly putty raids became too regular to be funny: any more, so the clerk laid out traps



baited with delectable bacon and cheese, but with no results at all. Staring in some frustration at the next morning's crop of ravaged window sashes, he suddenly got an idea. Baiting the traps with putty this time, he went back upstairs to the shop—and had caught two mice before he'd finished waiting on the next customer.

...

Stepping in at a neighborhood restaurant to buy cigarettes, a Hamilton, Ont., man found the cashier engaged in an obviously endless telephone conversation, her end of which consisted entirely of "That's what you think!" "Wouldn't you like to know?" and other such scintillating repartees. An understanding type, he counted out the exact change, pointed to the brand of smokes he wanted, and accepted it from the girl who handed it over without pausing for breath. The next afternoon he went through the same routine in the same store . . . and again the third day. By the fourth day the girl had finally run out of telephonic small talk and was paying full attention to her customers. In fact, she gave the fellow a friendly smile of recognition and reached for his preferred brand even as he stepped up to the counter. The man thanked her and asked for a packet of matches, at which the girl looked startled, then snarled suspiciously, "What's the idea—I thought you were deaf and dumb!"



WE'RE BUYING TWO HOURS FOR \$250 MILLION

They call this Canadian-U. S. project the DEW line. When finished it will give us two extra hours warning of an enemy H-bomb attack

There are tracks on the once trackless wastes inside the Arctic Circle. Cat-powered tractor trains are crawling across the endless horizon hauling materials and supplies for the greatest Arctic construction project in history—the Distant Early Warning (DEW) line.

When completed, an uninterrupted line of radar stations will stretch from the Yukon to Greenland keeping a round-the-clock vigil for enemy jet bombers. It will flash word to our population centers two hours sooner than we would get it now. That two-hour advantage will cost \$250,000,000. It's a bargain.

To gain those 120 minutes, brave construction men are working in temperatures which sometimes plunge to 70 below. A combination of air lift and

Cat-powered trains have brought in much of the material, including entire prefabricated buildings.

The "Cat" stands for Caterpillar, the big yellow tractors that pull the trains across the frozen north. Other Cat track-type Tractors hew out landing strips by cutting down snow to bare ice and blaze roads through timber frozen so solidly that it's as hard as steel.

Caterpillar equipment has a proud heritage in this part of the world. It helped build Thule Air Base in Greenland and the Alcan highway through the frozen reaches of the north. Contractors can't pick the type of terrain in which they work. But they can—and do—pick Caterpillar equipment for the tough jobs.

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